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JANUARY 11, 1963

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Boris Shatzman



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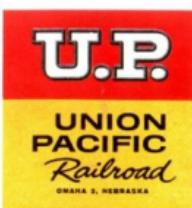


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The Telstar satellite and the new ocean cables are just parts of a new era in world-wide communications in which the Bell System has a leadership role.

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A few months ago it relayed business-machine-type data across the Atlantic at nearly 1,500,000 words a minute. This is an example of the almost incredible speeds that new developments are putting into many forms of telephonic communication.

## New buried cable for defense

A project of special importance at this time is a new underground cable system from coast to coast. It is being built to supplement present networks and withstand any nuclear blast except a direct hit. It's already over one-third completed.

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TIME, JANUARY 11, 1963

# TIME LISTINGS

## CINEMA

**David and Lisa**, shot for less than \$200,000 by a man and his wife (Director Frank and Scenarist Eleanor Perry) who had never made a movie before, tells the anguishing and tender story of two psychotic adolescents (Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin) who meet in the pit of madness and help each other to climb out.

**Lawrence of Arabia**. A handsome newcomer named Peter O'Toole is the star of this great big beautiful \$10,000,000 spectacle—produced by Sam Spiegel and directed by David Lean—that describes the amazing adventures of a peculiar young Englishman who became the guerrilla genius of World War I, but the customers will find themselves more fascinated by the landscape in which the story was filmed, by the infinite billowing sea of golden sand that covers Arabia Deserta.

**Freud**. Director John Huston has turned out an intense, intelligent cinematograph on the early struggles of the Viennese papa of psychiatry, Montgomery Clift does fairly well as Freud, but sometimes looks more like a patient than a psychiatrist. *Sannah York* plays a hysterical.

**Electra**. Greek drama was a religious rite, and the drama cannot fully be felt unless the religion is believed, but Director Michael Cacoyannis has managed to derive a beautiful and sometimes moving piece of cinema from the play by Euripides.

**Jumbo**. Broadway's elefantasy of 1935, pumped full of Metrocolor, comes to the screen as a "pulchatoobinboon pachadoom" of a picture—anyway, that's the way Jimmy Durante says it, and in this picture Jimmy himself is 100% right. Martha Raye is 99% right. And Doris Day is Doris Day.

**No Exit**. A competent cinemadaption of Jean-Paul Sartre's celebrated attempt to demonstrate the existentialist tenet that hell is other people.

**Gay Pur-ee**. A full-length, somewhat overanimated cartoon about a pretty French puss named Mewsette who falls in with a sinister *allez cat* but is rescued by a hair-trigger mouser.

**The Reluctant Saint**. Maximilian Schell attains new histrionic heights in the amusing, amazing story of San Giuseppe of Cupertino (1603-63), a saint who could literally fly.

**Two for the Seesaw**. Shirley MacLaine is pretty funny in a pretty funny film version of William Gibson's Broadway comedy. Robert Mitchum is not.

**The Long Absence**. A man who does not know who he is and a woman who thinks he is her husband suffer their strange dilemma in a strange but affecting French film, thoughtfully directed by Henri Colpi.

**Mutiny on the Bounty**. Trevor Howard, as Captain Bligh, is all man and a yard-arm wide in M-G-M's \$18.5 million reconstruction of *The Bounty*, but Marlon Brando has chosen to play Fletcher Christian as a sort of hard-alee Hamlet.

**Long Day's Journey into Night**. Eugene O'Neill's play, one of the greatest of the century, is brought to the screen without significant changes and with a better than competent cast: Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards Jr. and Dean Stockwell.

## TELEVISION

Fri., Jan. 11  
**Eyewitness** (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.).<sup>\*</sup> The week's top news events.

Sat., Jan. 12

**Challenge Golf** (ABC, 2:30-3:30 p.m.). First of a 13-match series for \$156,000, involving Jack Nicklaus, Gary Player, Arnold Palmer and Phil Rodgers at Los Angeles Country Club.

**The Jackie Gleason Show: American Scene Magazine** (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Guests: Frank Fontaine and the Newton Brothers.

**Saturday Night at the Movies** (NBC, 9:11 p.m.). Ernest Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer, Errol Flynn and Eddie Albert.

Sun., Jan. 13

**Look Up and Live** (CBS, 10:30-11 a.m.). First of a three-part presentation of *Tobias and the Angel*, a fantasy by the late Scottish playwright James Bridie.

**Camera Three** (CBS, 11:11-1:30 a.m.). A dramatization of John Updike's novel, *The Poochouse Fair*.

**Sunday Sports Spectacular** (CBS, 2:30-4 p.m.), Olympic ski-jumping trials from Garmisch-Partenkirchen, and downhill racing trials from Vail, Colo.

**National Football League Pro Bowl Game** (NBC, 4 p.m. to end).

**A Tour of the White House with Mrs. John F. Kennedy** (CBS, 4:5 p.m.). Repeat.

**The Twentieth Century** (CBS, 6:6-30 p.m.). U.S. aircraft survey from the early experimental jet models of 1942 to the coming Dyna-Sear.

**Voice of Firestone** (ABC, 10:10-30 p.m.). Guests: Robert Merrill, Anna Moffo and Martha Wright.

**Howard K. Smith . . . News and Comment** (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.).

Mon., Jan. 14

**David Brinkley's Journal** (NBC, 10-10:30 p.m.). A look at Brasilia, Brazil's new capital.

Tues., Jan. 15

**Young Performers** (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Four pianists are featured on this season's third New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert.

**As Caesar Sees It** (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Sid Caesar's fourth special of the current season.

## THEATER

### On Broadway

**Never Too Late**, by Sumner Arthur Long, is pulverizingly funny about a piffling subject—belated fatherhood. As the *pater dolorosus*, Paul Ford is unimaginably droll.

**Little Me**. Miming the seven suitors of Belle Poitrine, the All-America show girl, Sid Caesar is the most brilliantly versatile playboy of the Western world.

**Beyond the Fringe**, a remarkable revue, offers four young English anti-Establishmentarians aiming blowgun darts of parody with poisonously amusing accuracy.

**Techin-Tchin** sees the world through a whisky glass, as a couple of wistful rejects drink the lees of abandonment by

\* All times E.S.T.

their mutually unfaithful spouses. Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn are amusing, affecting and marvelous.

**Stop the World—I Want to Get Off** is a petulant British everyman's *How to Succeed*, written, directed, composed, mimed, sung, and stage-hogged by Anthony Newley, who is not all that talented. His mate, Anna Quayle, is a comic find.

**Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?**, by Edward Albee, is a jolting, mesmeric, wittily savage theatrical experience. In this brilliantly devised night of marital horrors, Arthur Hill is monstrously intelligent, and Uta Hagen is a power-and-sex-hungry witch.

### Off Broadway

**The Dunbwainer and The Collection**, by Harold Pinter. In these two one-acters, Britain's most provocative dramatist puts his characters in an enigmatic rat's maze where they twist, turn and stumble, seeking each other and the truth with absurd and terrifying results.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**Against the American Grain**, by Dwight Macdonald. In a series of engaging essays, a razor-witted critic hews an assortment of U.S. cultural pretensions down to size.

**Franz Kafka, Parable and Paradox**, by Heinrich Politz. The most trenchant study to date of the strange writer in whose nightmarish parables of human alienation 20th century man has found a chilling portrait of himself.

**The Conquest of London and The Middle Years**, Vols. II and III of Henry James, by Leon Edel. A graceful and massive work (it will run to four volumes).

**The Cape Cod Lighter**, by John O'Hara. America's most celebrated short-story writer at work again in his old provincial stamping grounds—small-town New Jersey and Gibbsville, Pa.

**Renoir, My Father**, by Jean Renoir. Fond impressions of life with the great impressionist, by his gifted son.

**The Letters of Oscar Wilde**, edited by Rupert Hart-Davis. This first complete collection reveals the witty playwright not as the foppish caricature he seemed, but as the sad and profound soul he was.

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. **Fail-Safe**, Burdick and Wheeler (1, last week)
2. **Seven Days in May**, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. **A Shade of Difference**, Drury (3)
4. **Genius**, Dennis (7)
5. **Ship of Fools**, Porter (5)
6. **The Cape Cod Lighter**, O'Hara
7. **Where Love Has Gone**, Robbins (9)
8. **Dearly Beloved**, Lindbergh (6)
9. **\$100 Misunderstanding**, Gover (8)
10. **The Thin Red Line**, Jones (4)

#### NONFICTION

1. **O Ye Jigs & Juleps!**, Hudson (3)
2. **Travels with Charlie**, Steinbeck (1)
3. **Silent Spring**, Carson (2)
4. **My Life in Court**, Nier (4)
5. **The Points of My Compass**, White (5)
6. **Final Verdict**, St. Johns (6)
7. **Happiness Is a Warm Puppy**, Schulz (7)
8. **Letters from the Earth**, Twain (8)
9. **The Rothschilds**, Morton (9)
10. **The Pyramid Climbers**, Packard (10)

TIME, JANUARY 11, 1963

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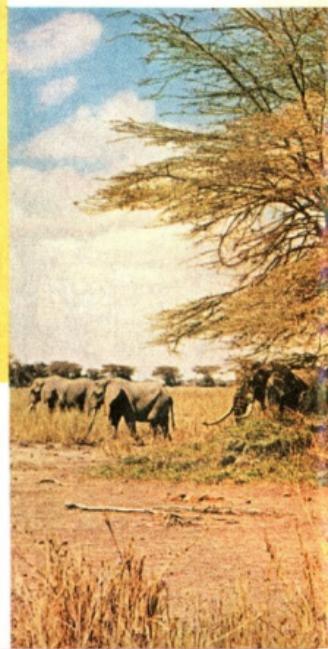


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TIME, JANUARY 11, 1963

## LETTERS

**Pope John**

Sir:

What a happy choice for Man of the Year! My congratulations on the splendid article, which did full credit to the outstanding Christian of the 20th century. I write as a Protestant with a John Knox background.

CHARLES S. DREW

St. Louis

Sir:

John XXIII is a marvelous example of how the immensities of theological disagreement can be transcended by simple human warmth and love. He has, above all, obeyed his Master's command to love thy neighbor.

ROBERT L. CAPIZZI

Philadelphia

Sir:

What a bad choice! Do you not know that we live in a post-Christian age? Neither Christianity nor the Pope moves human history. Moreover, in 1962, J.F.K. defeated both Blough and Barnett and checkmated Castro and Khrushchev.

DEAN W. KOHLHOFF

Jacksonville, Ill.

Sir:

Pope John dominated world Christendom, but John F. Kennedy dominated the world.

TERRY D. ARANOFF

The Bronx

Sir:

Congratulations.

It is encouraging to note there is something left that Bobby can't manipulate.

If the White House cancels its subscription, I'll take two.

ROBERT M. CALVIN

Chicago

Sir:

Pope John has neither begun a "revolution in Christianity" nor has he brought "Christianity to a new confrontation with the world." Rather the reverse is true—the world has brought Christianity into a new confrontation with its own outdated and archaic beliefs and customs.

It is the Marxist and non-Marxist left movements of this age that command the attention of the peoples of the world. It is the left movements and the non-left reaction to these movements that are the salient characteristics of the 1960s.

MICHAEL McCracken  
President-elect

Young Peoples Socialist League  
Denver

Sir:

A most excellent choice.

One of the greatest aspects of this Council is not only the apparent freedom of the bishops in discussion and perhaps policymaking, not only the change in tradition and practice, but also—and more important—the as yet obscure but growing idea that God's truth may be found in many places, even outside the Church of Rome. Also, it is most encouraging to see the evident conciliation taking place in the Roman Catholic Church in regard to the "Separated Brethren." Now we Protestants must take a closer look at ourselves to see if we will use and have used the mind and spirit of Christ instead of narrow provincialism in our dealings with Rome and with one another.

(THE REV.) RICHARD PARKER YAPLE

First Christian Church  
Cimarron, Kans.

### Ransom & Tribute

Sir:

Glad to see TIME [Dec. 28] call the Cuban ransom deal what it actually is: tribute.

I have never been so disgusted with my country as I am with over this business of the ransom of the Bay of Pigs prisoners.

It is fine to give food and drugs to a needy nation, but please, not with the stigma of letting some rat like Castro force us to give it to him as tribute.

EUGENE E. CARLTON

San Bernardino, Calif.

Sir:

President Kennedy's blundering attempt to make the American people believe that the supplies sent to Castro were voluntary contributions was a flagrantly dishonest act.

These contributions were hardly voluntary when they were made in response to concealed but irresistible pressure exerted by the President's brother.

Drug manufacturers may quite properly claim millions of dollars in tax credits for their "charity," a loss of revenue that will have to be made up by all the taxpayers. Thus the ransom money is in fact being paid by the American people as a whole, and without their being consulted in the matter.

F. A. MEIGS

Roosevelt, N.J.

### Rurals Respond

Sir:

I have no quarrel with Robert M. Myers and his business success in running the Lapeer (Mich.) County Press [Dec. 21], but when you reprinted his uncalled-for remark that the "American rural weekly is valuesless,

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lily-livered and moribund," you did thousands of aggressive community weekly publishers an injustice.

Talk about courage? What about Horace Wells of the Clinton (Tenn.) Courier-News, who stood up to the ugly mobs of uncouth segregationists?

Or Hazel Brannan Smith, who runs a small weekly in Durant, Miss.? She knows what it means to attack a corrupt political machine, to have her shop bombed, to be shot at—to print the truth when a law man shot a Negro in the back at close range and then used the old alibi "he was trying to escape."

Or Samuel Woodring of the North Augusta (S.C.) Star, who tried to oust the corrupt machine bosses and was beaten up by a police sergeant, called a dirty Rumanian Jew, a Yankee and a Communist? They started a boycott and another newspaper against him—but he didn't quit.

There are thousands of good, aggressive, honest, hard-working publishers who are faithful mirrors of the happenings of their communities. They are the ones who lose business and friendship because they hold true to their obligation to print the truth without favor for friends or business.

ALAN C. MCINTOSH  
Editor and Publisher

Rock County Star Herald  
Luverne, Minn.

### The Mormons

Sir:

You are to be congratulated on your benevolent article [Dec. 21] regarding President David O. McKay. As members of the church, we admire President McKay greatly for the Christlike and ascetic life that he lives, and we hold him in the same respect that we do a prophet like Moses.

ELDER MILAN D. SMITH JR.

Buenos Aires

Sir:

As a Mormon, and former church editor for the Salt Lake Tribune, I would like to point out that in your story on the testimonies for President David O. McKay that McKay does not rhyme with eye. It rhymes with yeast.

HAROLD SCHINDLER

Salt Lake City

Sir:

Being one of the many Mormon missionaries, I am somewhat acquainted with the doctrine of our church. I would like to know whether you got the statement from new converts, for example, no longer have to give up smoking. This is absurd. The Word of Wisdom, as the Mormons understand it, prohibits any use of tobacco, and is a commandment from God given through Joseph Smith at Kirtland, Ohio, on Feb. 27, 1833.

ELDER GALEN W. NIXON

Concepcion, Chile

► At one time a smoker was considered beyond redemption by the Mormon church. Now he can be brought into the church, given useful assignments and, if he breaks the habit, be fully accepted.—Ed.

### Closet Friend

Sir:

Your reviewer of Politzer's book, *Franz Kafka, Parable and Paradox* [Dec. 21], mentions Kafka's closest friend and refers to his "good sense in preserving the records of a genius" by which "the generation that has passed since then has been deeply marked." Why keep anonymous this friend who has rendered such far-reaching service by his power of judgment and foresight, and who is indeed one of the most interesting figures in the history of contemporary literature? This friend is the author-philosopher Max Brod, who has also launched other writers on



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their way to fame, notably Franz Werfel, and Heinz Politzer himself, who as a young man listened reverently to Brod.

ERNEST STERNE

Vancouver, B.C.

### Big Sur

Sir:

I wonder how long it has been since the author of the article on Big Sur [Dec. 28] has visited San Luis Obispo. I take exception to his statement that "San Luis Obispo is a well-known eyesore."

There may have been some truth to this statement 15, 10 or even 5 years ago, but it certainly does not hold true today. During the past four or five years nearly every store on Higuera Street (the main street) has been either rebuilt or remodeled, all the old property around our Mission has been razed and a new mission garden laid out.

(MRS.) ETHEL W. SCHNEIDER

San Luis Obispo, Calif.

### Help for Illiterates

Sir:

We are doing something about the frustration of pioneers like Raymond W. Hilliard [Dec. 14] as he tries to teach "little-red-hen" materials to adult illiterates.

At Syracuse University's School of Journalism, we are writing and publishing adult reading materials—but on second-, third- and fourth-grade reading levels.

News for You is the world's only weekly paper for semiliterates, is now used in 44 states and 17 foreign countries.

ROBERT S. LAUBACH\*

Lecturer in Literacy Journalism  
Syracuse University  
Syracuse

### Older Men?

Sir:

Stanley Dancer is without question "top man in U.S. harness racing" [Dec. 28] but hardly "in a stodgy sport dominated by older men."

Ranking immediately behind Dancer in money earnings in 1962 were Bill Haughton, 39, George Sholty, 30, Del Insko, 31, and John Chapman, 34. The national race-winning driver, in 1961 and 1962, was Bob Farrington, 33. New England's champion is Tug Boyd, 26. Chicago's leader in 1962 was Gene Riegle, 34.

STANLEY F. BERGSTEIN

Director

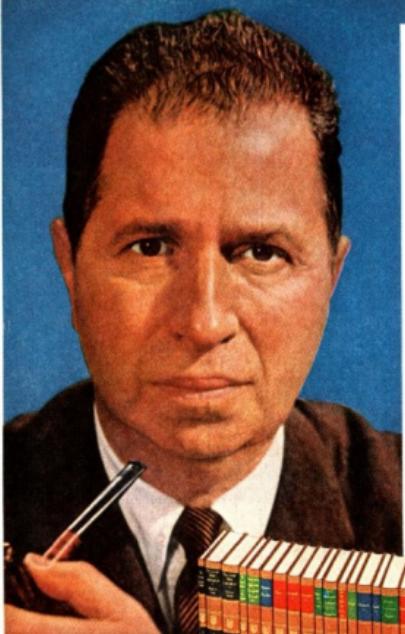
Harness Racing Institute  
Chicago

► TIME'S Sport writer and researcher, still in their 20s, naturally look up to older men in their 30s.—ED.

► Son of Literacy Pioneer Frank Laubach, who in 30 years has taught 100 million adults in 100 countries to read.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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*Mortimer Adler*

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## A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

In basketball and in football, it is good practice to "double-team" a formidable opponent. In the less violent game of journalism, we often find it advantageous to double-team in covering the big stories of the week.

The cover story on Congressman Wilbur Mills, which William Bowen wrote, is an example of how we work. Mills is a familiar figure to our two congressional reporters, Neil MacNeil and Lyle Miller. The problem was not the usual congressional one of trying to stop the fellow from talking or getting a simple answer to a simple question; it was one of getting much at all from a reticent man who will speak candidly about taxes but doesn't enjoy talking about himself. Furthermore, Mills is a discreet politician, not given to describing how he intends to play his hand.

MacNeil has known Mills for seven years, and so well that when he went around to interview one Congressman he was told, "What are you asking me about him for? You know him better than I do." MacNeil, who has just finished a book about the House of Representatives and has worked on ten cover stories for *TIME*, provided most of the material on the power structure of the House and Mills's role in it.

It was Lyle Miller who dug into the soil of Mills's Arkansas, who interviewed Mills's family and friends, looked over the Mills store, house and bank, and provided most of the biographical material. Miller's last cover assignment was closer to home: gathering material for the Harry Byrd cover. Both reporters are second-generation journalists: MacNeil's father was assistant managing editor of the New York Times, Miller's the editor of the Knoxville News-Sentinel.

ANOTHER case of double-teaming is our coverage of the Congo. Correspondent Bill Smith journeyed from Kenya to Tshombe's capitulating capital of Elisabethville to cover the U.N. armed operations there, to undergo the hospitality of the Leopold II (which he nominates as the hotel most in need of improvement in 1963), and to get out the news as best he could, sometimes by U.N. radio. Since the U.N. itself in New York was complaining that its own knowledge of what was going on was often twelve hours behind, it wasn't easy. The embattled correspondents in Elisabethville at one point formally protested against the "censorship and duplicity" of the U.N. operation. On the other side of the Congo, John Randal covered events in the Congolese capital of Leopoldville, and was only in brief contact with Smith once, before a weak radio signal flickered out.

Such double-teaming was essential, because the Congo reality was rarely what it was being proclaimed elsewhere by interested parties.

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## My son, the pilot.

by *Tillie Katz*

Believe me, I'm not saying this because he's my only son.

But who ever thought a boy from Jacksonville, Florida would grow up to be the Chief Pilot for a whole airline?

It's funny, but Bill wasn't even interested in flying when he was young. Which was all right with me. Frankly, it made me nervous even when he played football.

Then something got into him. Just when we all thought he was going into some nice business, he enlisted in the Air Corps.

Pretty soon, he was a group commander with the 8th Air Force in Europe. By the

time he came home, it was *Captain Katz*.

With a Distinguished Flying Cross, if you please.

Afterwards, it was flying, flying, flying.

I don't know if you could call him a pioneer or anything, but he was right there when EL AL was only a tiny little airline.

And now you can call him Chief Pilot.

And does he keep an eye on that airline!

Sometimes I think he worries about it too much. Do you know how many miles he's flown? Over 2 million! Do you know how long he's spent in the air? Over 12 thousand hours!

But if that's what it takes to make the airline so good, that's what he does.

The other pilots kid him about it. They say he only comes down to collect his pay.

But I know better. I have two beautiful grandchildren who live in Israel with Bill and my daughter-in-law.

They come to see me now and then, but I wish I could spoil them more often. It's a good thing they have Bill for a father. He spoils everybody. Except himself.

So, if you happen to take a trip on EL AL Israel Airlines and see him, please tell him I said to dress warm.

## THE NATION

### THE CONGRESS

#### An Idea on the March

(See Cover)

There they came, streaming into Washington filled with plans and programs and hopes and fears and endless ambitions. They were the members of the 88th Congress, preparing to convene this week. When all are gathered, they will number 535. Asked to name the most important, any New Frontiersman would unhesitatingly cite a name that most Americans know only vaguely: Wilbur Daigh Mills, 53, a quiet, cautious Congressman from a backwoods town in Arkansas.

Mills is chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. And as such, he may largely determine the fate of President Kennedy's most important bill of 1963: the tax-revision program that the Administration is presently preparing to send to Congress.

That program already bears the impress of Mills's influence: Kennedy has drastically revised his proposals to accommodate objections that Mills raised. During the recent shaping of the bill, Administration officials frequently consulted with Mills by telephone. At times it seemed as if the two most important seats of power in the U.S. were the temporary White House in a Palm Beach mansion and Congressman Mills's office in the basement of the post office in Searcy, Ark., just a hoot and a holler from his home town of Kensett.

**Search for Culprits.** Victor Hugo supposedly said: "Greater than the tread of mighty armies is an idea whose hour has come." The tax bill goes to Congress with that kind of impetus behind it—the power of an idea on the move. During 1961 there emerged in the U.S. a history-making consensus that the time has come to do something about taxes. There are broad, often passionate, differences about what should be done, and how and when. But on the central point that the U.S. tax system is excessively burdensome and unnecessarily complicated, agreement cuts across old dividing lines, embraces Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives, businessmen and scholars, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and the National Association of Manufacturers.

Discontent with taxes is nothing new

in history. Over the centuries, it has been an explosive force. Both the American and French revolutions were brought on in part by taxpayer disaffection. But today's tax-revision tide is essentially different from the elemental discontent shared by all burdened taxpayers throughout history. What is astir in the U.S. is a sophisticated discontent—the nation has scrutinized itself and found a deep but correctable flaw.

The scrutiny grew out of concern about the sluggishness of the U.S. economy. The economy's recovery from the 1957-58 recession was distinctly lacking in zing. Unemployment remained worrisome-

**Refreshing Novelty.** If a liberal economist had happened to pay any attention to that speech in 1958, he might well have dismissed Mills's words on taxes as pro-business blathering. To many liberal economists of just a few years ago, economic sluggishness was a result of insufficient demand; the remedies were increased Government spending, deeper deficits, and possibly a bottom-bracket tax cut.

But the years since have seen a narrowing in differences of opinion about the nature of the U.S. economy. The old chicken-egg argument about the relative priority of demand and investment is still around. But liberals have shown a growing tendency to recognize the vital economic importance of investment and of the factors that investment depends upon—profits, savings, individual incentive. Along with this shift has come an awareness that burdensome taxes act as a brake upon economic growth. Businessmen have long maintained that the upper-bracket tax rates are economically pernicious, but it is a refreshing novelty when the A.F.L.-C.I.O. officially suggests, as it did a fortnight ago, that the top tax rate be slashed from the present 91% to 65%. And it is a sign that an idea is on the march when a Democratic President of the U.S., a political heir of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman, declares that "our tax system exerts too heavy a drag on growth . . . siphons out of the private economy too large a share of personal and business purchasing power . . . reduces the financial incentives for personal effort, investment and risk taking."

**Sunnier Future.** Despite the emergent consensus, prolonged hearings, intense lobbying and impassioned arguments lie ahead for the Administration's tax program. Though they advocate tax reduction in principle, conservatives in both branches of Congress are wary of cutting taxes at a time when the Federal Government is already deep in the red. A deficit of about \$8 billion is estimated for the current fiscal year. Another massive deficit lies ahead in fiscal 1964, even without a tax cut. Virginia's Senator Harry F. Byrd, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, recently said that "sharp reductions in federal expenditures should precede any major reduction in



"LAST ONE IN AN OLD OBSTRUCTIONIST"

tax rates." Colorado's Republican Senator-elect Peter H. Dominick declared last week that he "can't see any basis for reducing revenues without reducing spending at the same time."

To the argument that the tax cuts should not be piled atop a big budget deficit, Kennedy counters with sophisticated rhetoric. The basic reason for the deficit, he says, is not that the federal budget is too fat, but that taxes are too high. Such taxes, the argument runs, drag down the economy, reduce corporate and personal income—and thereby shrink federal revenues. Tax reduction will get the economy moving faster, increase profits, incomes and tax revenues. Accordingly, argues the President, the increased margin of deficit resulting from tax reduction in 1963 would be a "temporary deficit of transition," a sort of investment in a sunnier

later. Many businessmen agree with that approach. Last November the President's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy declared that the tax-reform issue "should not be permitted to postpone action on the urgently needed reduction in tax rates." A few weeks later, the influential Committee for Economic Development argued that it would be "unwise" to let "controversial problems of the tax structure" delay tax cuts.

But Wilbur Mills strongly disagrees. He feels that without the appeal of tax cuts to carry it, reform would not get very far along its rocky road. Mills therefore insists on tying tax cuts and reform together. On that point he has some sturdy backing in Congress. Says Kentucky's Senator Thruston B. Morton, former Republican National Chairman: "I will oppose any across-the-board tax cut

will include substantial measures of tax reform.

The Administration has kept the dollar details of its tax program under strict secrecy so far. But it will be a hefty package, calling for reductions totaling between \$8 billion and \$10 billion, with at least three points trimmed off the corporation tax rate (now 52%) and across-the-board cuts in the personal tax rates. The revenue losses will be partly offset by about \$3 billion in revenue-increasing reforms, including a tightening up of capital-gains provisions and a substantial nick in the oil-depletion allowance, that favorite target of tax reformers.\*

**Tilting the House.** In Late January a messenger will carry the tax bill from the White House to the Capitol. From then on, the man in charge will be Congressman Mills.

Any chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee is a man of power and prestige on Capitol Hill. Ways and Means has jurisdiction over all matters relating to taxation, the national debt, tariffs, international trade and the social security system. The Senate, of course, also has a say in tax legislation. But since the Constitution requires that all revenue bills "shall originate in the House of Representatives," Ways and Means is more powerful than Harry Byrd's Senate Finance Committee.

Mills can exert even more influence than normally belongs to a Ways and Means chairman because both the House and the committee are pretty evenly divided between liberals and conservatives. Mills does not wear either label. "The only politics I ever knew," he once said, "is to try to do the right thing. I don't know where that puts me." He usually votes for New Frontier bills on the floor of the House. But last year he refused to support the Administration's medicare bill, and he is considerably less casual about budget deficits than the Administration is. As a power in the middle, Mills can, within his realm of jurisdiction, tilt the House one way or the other. As Mills goes, so is his committee likely to go, and as Ways and Means goes, so, as a rule, goes the House.

**Outside the Whirl.** Much of Mills's special authority derives from the sheer weight of his expertise. He is beyond dispute Congress' leading authority on taxation. His grasp of its intricacies often astonishes expert witnesses who appear before his committee.

Mills works at his job with almost

\* The oil-depletion allowance permits the owner of an oil-producing property to deduct 27.5% of the gross income from the property in computing the tax liability, with the restriction that the allowance cannot in any year exceed 50% of the taxable income from the property. Yearly cost to the Treasury: about \$1 billion. Similar allowances apply to natural-gas wells and, at less generous rates, to most kinds of mineral deposits, from antimony to zircon. What is wrong with the arrangement, as tax reformers see it, is that the owner can keep on taking the deduction indefinitely, even after he has fully recovered his capital outlays, while in most other types of business, an asset can be depreciated (written off against taxable income) only to the extent of its cost.



NEW YORK TAXPAYERS SEEKING ADVICE  
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future of faster growth, smaller deficits, and eventually a balanced budget.

**House of Horrors.** That far, Ways and Means Chairman Mills goes along. But he and Kennedy have come into conflict—not about tax cuts as such, but on the issue of general tax reform. Mills calls the present U.S. income tax structure a "house of horrors." He wants to see it drastically revised, with lower, more equitable rates and fewer exceptions. The Administration, too, favors tax reform. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, the only Republican in Kennedy's Cabinet, is a sturdy champion of reform along the basic lines that Mills advocates. President Kennedy in a TV speech last year promised "long-needed tax reform that logic and equity demand." But tax reform is a brambly issue for a politician to grab hold of. Any tampering with tax privileges is bound to stir up angry opposition.

Since the President is in a hurry for tax reduction to perk up the economy, he would prefer to put his tax proposals in two separate packages—cuts now, reform

without tax reform. If we cut taxes without making reforms, we lose much of our trading position."

The first skirmish between Kennedy and Mills on the reform issue took place last summer when, with the economy showing signs of slump, Kennedy considered calling for a "quickie" tax cut. Mills and Secretary Dillon, allies for tax-reform, held firm against a hasty tax bill, and Kennedy discarded the idea. But he still committed himself in public to tax reduction "to take effect as of the start of next year." To get early tax reduction through Congress, Kennedy planned on a two-package approach—cuts in one package, reform in the other. Again Mills balked, and again Kennedy revised his plans. He gave up the idea of cuts retroactive to Jan. 1, accepted mid-1963 as the earliest possible date for tax reduction to take effect. More important, he dropped the two-package plan. The Administration bill will call for tax revision in stages stretching over two years or more. But it will be a single package, and

heroic dedication. When he goes home in the evening he carries a load of reading matter on taxes or other Ways and Means business—he seldom reads anything that is not related in some way to the work of his committee. He has almost no diversions, has never taken a vacation trip, never traveled outside the U.S.; the only congressional junket he ever took was to nearby Baltimore. He and his wife Polly (they have two grown daughters) live in the same unfashionable apartment building that they moved into when they first went to Washington in 1939. Their Arkansas residence is a little one-bathroom house that might be the home of a factory hand. They have excluded themselves almost completely from the Washington social whirl, almost never accept an invitation. When they do go out to dinner, it is usually in company with friends or constituents from Arkansas.

Between sessions of Congress, Mills goes home to Arkansas, making speeches, meeting with an endless flow of constituents in his office in Searcy, traveling back-country roads to chat with voters in his basso drawl. Mills has a safe seat, has not had any opposition for the Democratic nomination in his district since 1944—but he behaves as if a formidable challenger were eternally at his heels.

This practice of running hard even though there is no race may be a sign of what many of his fellow Congressmen consider to be Mills's besetting flaw; an apparent insecurity that sometimes makes him overcautious. The flaw is all the more puzzling in that, far more than most men, Mills has escaped defeats and detours in life. He is that fortunate rarity, a man who has fulfilled his boyhood dreams.

**Feathers & Squawk.** In Kensett, Ark., where Mills grew up, his father was one of the most prosperous men in town, owner of a busy country store that sold everything from horehound drops to horse



A. T. OWEN

MILLS FAMILY AT HOME IN ARKANSAS<sup>®</sup>  
No vacation, no foreign junkets, no social whirl.

collars. (Mills's mother, 77, still helps run the store.) Later on, Ardra Mills acquired a cotton gin and an interest in the local bank. Wilbur worked in the store during his boyhood, but early in life he was struck with awed admiration of William A. Oldfield, the bouncy, genial Congressman from the district. In his travels around his constituency, Oldfield frequently visited Kensett and stopped at the Mills store. "I was talking about running for Congress by the time I was ten," Mills recently recalled. Oldfield was a member of Ways and Means—so young Mills decided that he, too, would sit on that committee.

In 1938, after Hendrix College, three years at Harvard Law School and four years as a youthful county judge, Mills fulfilled the first half of his dream by getting elected to Congress. He was 29. Normally it takes considerable seniority to win a place on the prestigious Ways and Means Committee. But Mills reached the goal in a mere four years. Speaker Sam Rayburn, impressed with Mills's brains and diligence, gave him a push. And the committee's chairman, North Carolina's Robert ("Muley") Doughton, author of the dictum that the objective of tax policy is to "get the most feathers with the fewest squawks from the goose," soon found studious Congressman Mills a valuable man to have around.

In early 1958, through the inexorable workings of seniority, Mills became committee chairman—and soon suffered a stunning setback: the House rejected the very first major bill that he brought to the floor as chairman (it was a measure to extend the unemployment benefits of jobless people who had used up their quotas). That blow left a mark upon Mills. He has never lost another major bill on the floor, but in guarding against defeat he has sometimes delayed too long or wavered too much while trying to make a committee bill fail-proof. During the 1959 ses-

sion, his excessive wariness damaged his prestige, all but torpedoed his hopes of some day becoming Speaker of the House. He procrastinated and wobbled so much on legislative matters before Ways and Means that House wags dubbed it the No-Ways and By-No-Means Committee.

**On the Threshold.** But last year Mills recouped his own nerve and his committee's prestige. The three main bills of the session all fell within the jurisdiction of Ways and Means: trade, medicare and the tax revision bill that granted business firms a special credit on purchases of capital equipment. Kennedy considered Mills the key to the 1962 session, and so he proved to be. He refused to back medicare, and it died. But he steered the history-making free-trade bill through the House with a masterful sureness, defended the tax bill on the floor in a virtuoso performance.

With his power and influence restored, and with a relatively weak man in the Speaker's chair, Mills now has his greatest chance before him. For years he has cherished the grand ambition of drastically reforming the nation's tax structure—and the beginning of that task is at hand.

**Interdependent Evils.** As an abstraction, separated from prickly practicalities, the ideal of tax reform commands almost unanimous approval, like free public education or the golden rule. Everybody who has studied the existing income tax structure, through whatever political lenses, agrees that it is a mess. It has grown up piecemeal over the years without any guiding philosophy, becoming ever more misshapen and complex, until today it sprawls over 468 pages in the Internal Revenue Code. It combines harshly progressive rates with an enormous patch-



RICHARD DUNN

MOTHER MILLS (RIGHT) TENDS STORE  
From horehound to horse collars.

® From left: Son-in-Law Jack Dixon, 27; Daughter Martha Dixon, 23; Mills and Granddaughter Polly Ann Dixon; Mrs. Mills; Daughter Rebecca Ann, 21.

work of special-case provisions intended to mitigate the rates. "The first title of the tax code," says Mills, "states that all income shall be taxed; the rest of the code is exceptions." As a result of all the exceptions, only 43% of the total personal income in the U.S. is subjected to the federal income tax.

High rates and teeming exceptions are interdependent evils. What tax reformers want to do is attack both evils at once, cutting the rates drastically and simultaneously "broadening the base" by shrinking or abolishing many of the exceptions. On past performance, the outlook for such reform is dim: efforts at revising the income tax code have generally moved in the opposite direction. In 1934, Ways and Means concocted a tax-revision bill that New York Republican Dan Reed, then chairman of the committee, proudly called "the first overall revision of our tax laws which has ever been undertaken." The committee held hearings for many weeks, poked into every cranny of the tax code, painstakingly drafted a bill of 929 pages. But instead of lowering rates and reducing exceptions, the Reed bill left the rates unchanged and added on a big batch of new exceptions. The effect was to make the tax code enormously more complex and increase what one critic of the bill called the "disgusting intimacy between rulers and ruled."

**Ghosts of the Depression.** Various schemes of tax reform differ greatly in detail, but most proponents of reform agree that the present structure carries the progressive principle too far. While Congress was shaping the constitutional amendment authorizing an income tax, opponents warned that once the floodgate was opened the top rate might some day reach 50% or even higher. Idaho's William E. Borah, a great Senate champion of the amendment, was outraged at the suggestion, complained that it insulted his "sense of fairness, of justice." After the 16th Amendment went into effect in 1913, the top rate was set at 7%. By 1932 it had reached 25%. Then in 1932, beset by the fears and rancors of the Great Depression, the Congress upped the maximum to 63% in one wild thrust.

The ghosts of the Depression have long since vanished from most segments of U.S. life—but in the internal revenue code, the soak-the-rich tone lingers on. In a departure from the old ideology of his party, President Kennedy has recognized that it is time to de-ghost the tax laws too.

The way of the world is such that the rich—those with very large assets—do not actually pay the confiscatory top rates. The rich can arrange matters so that the money rolls in to them in forms that are partly or entirely sheltered from income tax, such as capital gains, royalties from oil properties, interest from tax-exempt municipal bonds. In 1961 a total of 306 U.S. taxpayers filed returns showing an adjusted gross income of \$1,000,000 or more. Their adjusted gross income added up to \$611,273,000, their total income tax to \$280,525,000, or an

average of about 45%—a lot less than might be expected from the rate schedules. And that 45% average actually overstates the tax bite because the adjusted gross income figures included only 50% of the taxpayers' long-term capital gains, and none of their income from tax-exempt bonds.

The high progressive rates, then, do not really soak the rich. The most soaked victims of the present tax structure are taxpayers in the upper-middle income brackets, business executives and professional men who receive all or nearly all of their income from salaries (or from fees or royalties not sheltered from taxation). Such people typically have only



ARTHUR BICKERSTAFF—LIFE  
IN WAYS & MEANS COMMITTEE ROOM  
For taxing the whole bundle.

meager net assets despite their hefty pre-tax incomes. Far from accumulating capital, they often have to borrow to put their children through college. They attain their levels of prosperity only after many years of gradually working their way up, bucking a headwind of ever higher tax rates. And as they approach their earnings peaks they find themselves paying tax rates that, measured by percentage of gross income, are on the same order as those actually paid by millionaires. The grace and security that come from possession of substantial assets remain out of reach.

**A Gem of Justice.** The combination of high progressive rates and numerous avenues for escaping them imposes grievous economic costs upon the nation. It leads to misallocation of resources, because economic decisions are made with an eye on the tax angle. Among the highly prosperous, a great waste of energy goes into minimizing tax liability instead of into maximizing return.

There is, then, a compelling case for real reform of the tax structure. The tax

reformer's dream, voiced by Chairman Mills in private but never advocated in public, is to sweep away the whole vast web of deductions, discriminations and special-case provisions, and levy tax upon all income (except such Government transfer payments as social security benefits and unemployment compensation). With nearly 100% of total personal income subject to taxation, instead of the present 43%, the average income tax rate would be only about 10%. Even at the top, rates could be gentle compared to today's levels.

A less heady version would preserve the present personal exemption for the taxpayer and his dependents on the theory that bare subsistence income should go untaxed. Retention of the \$600-apiece exemption would exclude roughly 25% of total personal income from the tax base. Even so, the average rate would come to only about 13%.

With or without the personal exemption, a no-deduction, no-discrimination, low-rate, mild-progression tax structure could be only a gem of simplicity and justice compared to the present structure. Such a sweeping reform would bring a great release of energies. All of the effort and imagination now devoted to tax avoidance could be devoted instead to more economically constructive purposes. The misallocated resources now deflected by tax considerations could flow into more productive channels. The advantages now accruing to the ingenious tax avoider and the outright cheat would largely disappear. The corrosive fog of sordidness and pettiness that emanates from the present tax structure would be blown away by a bracing breeze of equity. The U.S. would be a more dynamic—and a more moral—nation.

**A Society of Law.** Thoroughgoing tax reform requires two interlocking transformations in the minds of men. The great mass of citizens with low and moderate incomes, and the politicians and labor leaders who speak for them, must be willing to get rid of punitive rates. As sources of revenue, they are virtually hollow. In the present structure, all of the rates above 50% produce \$900 million a year in revenue, less than 2% of the Treasury's total personal-income-tax take. The rates above 65% account for only about \$250 million a year. The confiscatory rates are relics of past confusions and rancors, preserved on the books not for any real utility but for symbolic and ideological reasons. Even though largely avoided in practice, punitive tax rates mock the U.S.'s image of itself as an open, free-enterprise society in which ability and effort are justly rewarded.

On the other hand, citizens with large incomes must be willing to recognize that the revenue code's avenues and alleys of tax avoidance are inequitable and contrary to the spirit of U.S. democracy. In abolishing them, the nation would affirm that it is indeed a society of law, in which equity is paramount over privilege and the tax system distributes the tax burden justly among all citizens.

## Death of a Senator

Bob Kerr was born in an Oklahoma log cabin; he became the wealthiest member of the U.S. Senate. He could have bought Brooks Brothers out of the change in his pants pocket; but his baggy blue suits looked as if they had been ordered from a Montgomery Ward catalogue. He was a deeply Christian man who gave at least 30% of his vast wealth to the Baptist church; yet he felt no compunction whatever about using his Senate position to fight for tax laws that would enhance his own riches. He could be gentle; once, when a long-time Negro houseman was dying, Kerr sat for hours at the bedside, holding his hand in deep grief. But Kerr could also be brutal: in a Senate committee meeting, he once goaded Illinois Democrat Paul Douglas into a fury, then challenged Douglas to a fist fight—even though Douglas has a crippled arm as a result of World War II wounds.

Many years ago, Kerr set forth his ambitions: "A family, to make a million dollars and to be Governor of Oklahoma—in that order." He achieved all these—and much more. Some of his colleagues liked him; others loathed him. Almost all respected and feared him. Said a friend, New Mexico's Democratic Senator Clinton Anderson: "I used to tell Bob that I'd like to take a knife and open up his skull and examine the convolutions of his brain. He's the smartest man I know."

Such a man was Robert Samuel Kerr that when he died last week at 66, of a coronary occlusion, after two weeks in a hospital, neither his friends nor his enemies could really believe it. For Kerr seemed indestructible.

**That's Why.** Kerr defied description either as a liberal or a conservative. He could only be explained as an Oklahoman—and an oilman. He fought savagely for continuance of the 2½% oil-depletion tax allowance; all the while he remained chairman of the board of Kerr-McGee Oil Industries Inc., and sneered at conflict-of-interest charges. As an Oklahoman, he supported President Truman's ouster of General Douglas MacArthur—mostly because he feared that MacArthur might expand the Korean war to the point that National Guardsmen of Oklahoma's Thunderbird Division might be called into combat. "You say I'm an Oklahoma Senator more than a national Senator?" he often asked. "Yes, that's what I'm here for."

The son of a schoolteacher, Kerr was born near Ada, in what was then Indian territory, worked as a salesman and schoolteacher, passed the bar after clerking in an Ada law office. In 1929, he joined with his brother-in-law to start a shaky drilling company that eventually became the \$200 million Kerr-McGee corporation. Kerr entered Democratic politics as a fund raiser and spokesman for the oil and gas industries, was elected Governor in 1942, and went to the Senate in 1948. He became the second-ranking Democrat, behind Virginia's Byrd, on the Senate Finance Committee. As such, he last year helped push through much of President Kennedy's tax program, to which

Byrd was opposed. In tacit return for Kerr's favors, the President did not push for changes in the oil-depletion allowance.

**To Hell with a Bucket.** Oklahoma's Kerr was also chairman of the Rivers and Harbors subcommittee, which rolls out the pork barrel. When other Senators wanted approval of pet home-state spending projects, they had to come to Kerr—and he always remembered his debtors. He was as ruthless in public debate as in private trading. He once made a Senate speech claiming that Republican Dwight Eisenhower could not comprehend the nation's fiscal policies, "because one cannot do that without brains, and he does not have them." Thereupon Indiana's loyal

development projects; they have since spent an estimated \$312 million. In October 1961 President Kennedy flew to Kerr's 55,000-acre ranch near Big Cedar to dedicate a road that, in the words of one Oklahoma paper, "starts nowhere in particular and goes to a suburb of the same place." Even at the height of his power, Kerr still took the most pride in what he had done for his own state. As he flew over the flat land near Tulsa last month, Bob Kerr said: "If I live ten more years in this job, there won't be a muddy stream left in Oklahoma."

## FOREIGN RELATIONS Reflections on Cuba

Day by day in every way, President Kennedy was feeling better and better about his handling of the Cuba crisis. Last week his sunny reflections on the subject were passed on from Palm Beach.

Khrushchev, the President felt, had tried to alter the cold war balance of power by sending missiles to Cuba. It was vital to the U.S. to get those missiles out, yet to do so without humiliating Russia. For, Kennedy thinks, when one great cold war power suffers stinging defeat, it is likely to retaliate in such a way as to increase the chances of nuclear war.

The U.S. therefore took limited action—which worked. If Khrushchev's Cuba adventure had been allowed to succeed, he would have been sorely tempted to try new adventures. But the Kennedy Administration's action taught Khrushchev that the U.S. is willing to take whatever risk is necessary in protecting vital national interests.

What about present and future U.S. policy toward Castro's Cuba? It is to work for a change in Cuba's Communist regime. But, provided that Castro takes no aggressive action, the U.S. does not intend to invade Cuba.

The President was plainly pleased to have the prisoners of the U.S.-sponsored Bay of Pigs expedition back in the U.S., after payment of ransom to Castro (*see following story*). As it happened, Fidel Castro was every bit as pleased with the deal. Crowed he: "The imperialists agreed to pay our country the indemnity that the revolutionary tribunals set for the invaders. They call it ransom, but for the first time in its history, imperialism paid an indemnification of war."

## Those Who Gave

Which U.S. companies contributed to Castro's ransom? And how much?

The Kennedy Administration, which planned and pushed through the whole deal, was not about to name names. But diligent digging—plus the cooperation of many of the companies themselves—produced a list that, including pledges, accounts for most of the \$53 million total. In some cases only the value of goods already shipped, rather than the firm's full commitment, is known.

### PHARMACEUTICALS

**More than \$1,000,000.**

Merck & Co., Rahway, N.J., \$2,501,640; Eli Lilly & Co., Indianapolis, \$2,342,797;



KERR & KENNEDY  
For oil and Oklahoma.

but hapless Republican Senator Homer Capehart rose to protest. The next day Kerr answered Capehart with a deft revision of the Congressional Record: "I do not say that the President has no brains at all. I reserve that broad and sweeping accusation for some of my cherished colleagues in this body."

When Lyndon Johnson became Vice President two years ago, he left a vacuum in effective Senate leadership. In such vacuums, power goes to those who seek it. Kerr sought it and, even though he held no official leadership title, he soon became known as the Senator to see to get things done. He was, said the late Speaker Sam Rayburn, "the kind of man who would charge hell with a bucket of water and think he could put it out." When he first went to the Senate, he was worth about \$3,000,000; at the time of his death, his wealth was estimated at \$35 to \$40 million.

Because of Kerr, Oklahoma did every bit as well. Last year Kerr's state received about 10% of all federal works projects. In the years before Kerr went to the Senate, the Army engineers had spent some \$63 million on Oklahoma water-

Upjohn Co., Kalamazoo, Mich., \$1,507,-  
040; Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.,  
Morris Plains, N.J., \$1,500,000; Charles  
Phizer & Co., Inc., N.Y.C., \$1,500,000;  
Wyeth Laboratories, Radnor, Pa., \$1,491,-  
601; Sterling Drug Inc., N.Y.C., \$1,407,-  
076; McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.,  
\$1,398,301; Hoffman-La Roche Inc., Nutley,  
N.J., \$1,131,841; Bristol-Myers Co.,  
N.Y.C., \$1,003,404.

**\$500,000 to \$1,000,000.**

American Cyanamid Corp., Pearl River,  
N.Y., \$1,000,000; G. D. Searle & Co.,  
Chicago, \$900,000; Miles Laboratories,  
Elkhart, Ind., \$800,404; Smith, Kline &  
French Laboratories, Philadelphia, \$603,-  
500; Ciba Pharmaceutical Products, Inc.,  
Summit, N.J., \$600,000.

**\$100,000 to \$500,000.**

E. R. Squibb & Sons, N.Y.C., \$450,000;  
Carter Products Inc., N.Y.C., \$441,000;  
Parke-Davis & Co., Detroit, \$417,540;  
Plough Inc., Memphis, \$375,000; John-  
son & Johnson, New Brunswick, N.J.,  
\$350,000; Burroughs, Wellcome & Co.,  
Tuckahoe, N.Y., \$329,058; Ames Co. Inc.,  
Elkhart, Ind., \$302,162; Baxter Labora-  
tories Inc., Morton Grove, Ill., \$205,078;  
Pitman-Moore Co., Indianapolis, \$178,-  
980; Kendall Co., Boston, \$150,323;  
Richardson-Merrill, Greensboro, N.C.,  
\$155,000; Atlas Chemical Industry, Wil-  
mington, \$149,282; Sandoz Pharmaceuti-  
cals, Hanover, N.J., \$137,260.

**Under \$100,000.**

W. F. Young Inc., Springfield, Mass.,

\$94,574; Dome Chemicals Inc., N.Y.C.,  
\$93,522; J. T. Baker Chemical Co., Phil-  
lipsburg, N.J., \$80,000; Eaton Labora-  
tories, Norwich, N.Y., \$65,000; Irwin  
Neisler & Co., Decatur, Ill., \$50,000;  
S.S.S. Co., Atlanta, \$37,554; Hyson,  
Westcott & Dunning Inc., Baltimore,  
\$24,400; S. B. Penick & Co., N.Y.C.,  
\$20,000; Armour & Co., Chicago, \$10,000;  
Savage Laboratories Inc., Bellaire, Texas,  
\$9,312; Potts Dade Reagents Inc., Miami,  
\$8,427; Arnar-Stone Laboratories, Mount  
Prospect, Ill., \$8,000; International  
Chemical Corp., N.Y.C., \$699.

**CHILDREN'S FOOD**

**\$500,000 to \$1,000,000.**

Gerber Products Co., Fremont, Mich.,  
\$920,000; General Mills, Inc., Minneap-  
olis, \$900,000.

**\$100,000 to \$500,000.**

Beech Nut Life Savers Inc., Canajoharie,  
N.Y., \$443,460; Pillsbury Co., Min-  
neapolis, \$250,000; Pet Milk Co., St.  
Louis, \$191,000; Green Giant Co., Le  
 Sueur, Minn., \$135,500.

**Under \$100,000.**

Kellogg Co., Battle Creek, Mich., \$54,-  
000; Winn-Dixie Stores, Inc., Jackson-  
ville, \$15,000; Anderson, Clayton & Co.,  
Houston, \$10,000; Church & Dwight Co.,  
N.Y.C., \$4,375; Moore & Co. Soups Inc.,  
Newark, \$590.

**MEDICAL & SURGICAL SUPPLIES**

**More than \$100,000.**

Owens-Illinois Glass Co., Toledo, \$26,-  
974; Corning Glass Works, Corning, N.Y.,

## THOUGHTS FROM PALM BEACH

THE Washington Post reported its insight into President Kennedy's thinking came "on the highest authority." The Baltimore Sun cited Kennedy "friends." The Philadelphia Bulletin listed "those who should know," "those who know the President best," "closest associates," "those in whom he has confidence," and "intimates." But the New York Times' Elder Pundit Arthur Rock, who has not recently been in Palm Beach, felt free to insist that it was the President himself who had been doing the talking.

At any rate, the President's thinking ranged over a variety of subjects, from tax prospects to reflections on Cuba.

**On U.S. Prestige:** Kennedy, who made the U.S. place in world opinion an issue of his 1960 campaign, now realizes that national policies cause international frictions, that it is difficult to be popular while exercising leadership. He does not expect the U.S. to be loved while pursuing its aims.

**On the Western Alliance:** The great problem in 1963 is whether the alliance will begin to fragment into national nuclear deterrents that are costly and will, he fears, cause political and strategic imbalances.

**On U.S.-Russia Relations:** In theory, as the Soviet Union raises its standard of living and becomes more

of a "have" nation, there should be a lessening in its hard-line foreign policies. But the President sees no evidence that that is actually taking place.

**On the Balance of Power:** The President believes that Communist momentum, which picked up after Sputnik I, has slackened. The balance of power is with the free world, but there remain many problems. The rich nations get richer and the poor nations get poorer, and Kennedy finds incomprehensible the attacks on U.S. foreign aid programs aimed at helping underdeveloped nations.

**On U.S. Business:** The President feels that his Administration's relations with business are more satisfactory than six months ago—partly because business is more prosperous than it was then. But he foresees a period of deepening labor-management difficulties brought on by disputes over automation and other technological changes.

**On the 1962 Elections:** Kennedy recently read a Gallup poll saying that the Cuba crisis changed few votes in the recent elections. The President, for one, does not agree; he thinks it saved a lot of votes for the Democrats.

**On 1964:** The President thinks the chances are reasonably good that he will run for re-election.

**\$181,595;** American Optical Co., Southbridge, Mass., \$181,595.

**Under \$100,000.** General Electric Co., Milwaukee, \$75,-  
000; Howe Sound Co., N.Y.C., \$50,000;  
Becton-Dickinson & Co., East Rutherford, N.J., \$50,000; Aniline Co., Bing-  
hamton, N.Y., \$45,000; American Steril-  
izer Co., Erie, Pa., \$38,955; Ritter Co.,  
Inc., Rochester, N.Y., \$30,000; Empire  
State Thermometer Co., N.Y.C., \$26,000.

**Under \$25,000.**

Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.,  
\$22,000; C. R. Bard Inc., Murray Hill,  
N.J., \$20,000; Sterilon Corp., Buffalo,  
\$15,880; Richards Manufacturing Co.,  
Memphis, \$14,000; Orthopedic Equipment  
Co., Bourbon, Ind., \$13,000; Clay-  
Adams Inc., N.Y.C., \$5,457; Warren E.  
Collins Inc., Boston, \$4,855; Taylor In-  
strument Co., Rochester, N.Y., \$4,650;  
Acme Cotton Products Co., N.Y.C.,  
\$4,000; E. Leitz Inc., N.Y.C., \$2,880;  
Birchtree Corp., Los Angeles, \$970; J. H.  
Emerson Co., Cambridge, Mass., \$450;  
Tecumseh Products Co., Tecumseh, Mich.,  
\$200; George P. Pilling & Co., Philadel-  
phia, \$185.

**UNDISCLOSED AMOUNTS**

Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago;  
WTS Pharmaceutical, Rochester, N.Y.;  
Mennon Co., Morristown, N.J.; Ameri-  
can Hospital Supply Corp., Evanston, Ill.;  
Acme Markets Inc., Philadelphia; Border-  
den Co., N.Y.C.; General Foods Corp.,  
White Plains, N.Y.; Procter & Gamble  
Co., Cincinnati.

### Those Who Raised

One of the most critical moments of the ransom-for-prisoners exchange with Fidel Castro occurred when Castro threatened to hold back some 700 prisoners unless the U.S. promptly paid \$2,000,000, which, he claimed, it had promised for the release of 60 ailing prisoners last spring. It was widely reported that Attorney General Robert Kennedy quickly secured a pledge for \$1,000,000 of this with one telephone call to an unidentified friend. It was not until last week, however, that the almost-as-surprising fundraising power of retired General Lucius Clay was fully revealed.

As head of a citizens committee advising relatives of the prisoners, Clay raised the other \$1,000,000 by borrowing cash from banks merely on the strength of his personal pledge to pay it back promptly. Thus Castro got his check and the exchange was completed. Clay then sent telegrams to many of the nation's biggest industrial firms and discovered that, in his words, "the response I got was amazing and tremendous." Soon, he said, "we had all the money pledged to take care of the loan."

Clay's telegram, on its face, did not sound that persuasive. It said, in part: "Regardless of how you may feel in principle with respect to paying money under these circumstances, I think you will feel, as I did, that this exchange could not be permitted to fail at this period for the sake of humanity. We are

asking for your help to pay off the loan. Please advise by wire of any amount you feel you can contribute. For your information only, corporate gifts already received have ranged from ten to one hundred fifty thousand."

Clay actually had some powerful help, reported the Minneapolis Tribune last week: "A spokesman for one large corporation that is currently facing a Government lawsuit said his company received a call from the Department of Justice directing it to supply specific items, plus a specific amount of cash. 'We knew we were being blackjacked, but there was nothing we could do about it.'"

## THE ADMINISTRATION A Question of Duty

Attorney General Bobby Kennedy and Teamster President Jimmy Hoffa would make a great passing combination—if insults and accusations were footballs. Last week it was Jimmy's turn to toss; free after standing federal trial in Nashville, Tenn., Hoffa charged that Bobby had tried to tell Nashville Banner Publisher James G. Stahlman what the paper "should or should not print" about the trial. Moreover, he said, he could provide a transcript of a telephone conversation in which Bobby pressured Stahlman.

Just how Hoffa got hold of the transcript was not revealed. But the transcript did exist, and next day Stahlman printed it. The conversation came in the first days of the trial—after someone purporting to be a Banner reporter had called prospective jurors to find out how they felt. When Stahlman, a crusty 64-year-old, heard of the jury tampering, he offered a \$5,000 reward for arrest of the impostor. Bobby tried to dissuade him—on grounds that detailed publication of the incident might cause a mistrial. Excerpts of the conversation:

**Stahlman:** I have called you on my office phone with the squawk box on, so that my administrative assistant, my editor and my legal counsel can hear what transpires between you and me.

**Kennedy:** That will be fine. I am here in my office alone. It is the opinion of our lawyers . . . that if a detailed story in connection with this matter were made, it might very well lead to a mistrial in this case. I am sure you are as interested as I am in attempting to bring this trial to a successful conclusion. I can understand your own personal concern as to what has resulted at the trial. I have been subjected to these matters for a period of five years now, and the one thing that Mr. Hoffa is interested in is to obtain a mistrial . . . If we take any steps now that will lead in that direction, we will play right in his ballpark.

**Stahlman:** We are just as anxious to see a successful case against this fellow as you are. We are going to be the last people on the face of the earth to jeopardize that, if it be within our power . . . A gross injustice has been done to me, my newspaper and my associates on this newspaper, and I feel that it is necessary to put our position in the clear . . .

**Kennedy:** As long as they can get somebody to take public steps, they can get delays, and it doesn't bother them a bit.

**Stahlman:** I cannot leave my newspaper in the position of having a false statement made about it or members of its staff.

**Kennedy:** These matters require sacrifice by many people.

**Stahlman:** General Kennedy, I have made as many sacrifices for the Department of Justice as any man in middle Tennessee. I have made sacrifices for my country and will continue to do so. I am suggesting to you that what has happened has made it necessary for me to defend the reputation of my newspaper, which has existed for 86 years, and I don't intend to have it sacrificed for Jimmy Hoffa, the Federal Government or anybody else.

As it turned out, Stahlman's publication did not cause a mistrial; nine weeks later, Hoffa was freed after the jury could not agree on his guilt or innocence. Now, in addition, Hoffa had pointed a finger at the Attorney General of the U.S., whose duty it is to see that justice takes an unhampered course, for trying to suppress a fact in order to win a conviction.

## Out of the Manual

As an eagle-eyed young scout on the New Frontier, Richard Nathan Goodwin could see only bright horizons. Although not yet 30 at the time, and possessing no pertinent experience, he became Jack

Kennedy's closest adviser on Latin America, wrote the President's 1961 Alliance for Progress speech. Shifting to the State Department as Deputy Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs, he urged Kennedy to pay a state visit to Colombia and Venezuela. The President had some doubts: "Goodwin, if this doesn't work, you can just keep on going south." But the trip was a triumph, and Goodwin stood high in presidential esteem.

Perhaps too high. For Goodwin wanted to go farther, faster. He undercut his boss, Assistant Secretary Robert Woodward, an amiable career official, mainly by deft use of telephone calls to the White House. But he soon found that other New Frontiersmen had studied their guerrilla manuals. Woodward's successor, Edwin Martin, demanded and got a clear line of authority from the White House and Secretary of State Dean Rusk. With that, Martin began bypassing Goodwin on key decisions.

Goodwin's position became untenable. But the President's brother-in-law, Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver, rescued him. He first "borrowed" Goodwin to plan a 43-nation conference on Peace Corps manpower problems. After the conference, Goodwin lingered at the Peace Corps. Finally, his nameplate was removed from his State Department office. His new, "permanent" Peace Corps post: Director of the International Secretariat for Peace Corps Development—a lofty title for the fuzzy job of trying to get other nations to create their own Peace Corps.

## THOUGHTS FROM GETTYSBURG

**N**OT everybody was at Palm Beach—and Kennedy was not the only U.S. political leader having thoughts. During the Washington dog days before the opening of Congress, New York Times Correspondent Felix Belair Jr. wandered up to Gettysburg, talked to Dwight Eisenhower, and came away with quite a story. Upon leaving the White House, Ike had vowed to devote much of his post-presidential retirement to applying the lessons of his experience to the nation's problems. Now he was ready with some warnings—and some specific proposals.

**Federal Spending.** Mounting budget deficits, Eisenhower believes, are "the biggest single threat to our democratic way of life today." Like most citizens, he would like to see a tax cut—but only if spending is also slashed. And he sees little hope for that. Ultimately, he insists, the control of federal spending will demand amendments to the Constitution that will:

► Permit Congress to pass a budget larger than the President's budget only by a two-thirds vote of both houses.

► Require all budget estimates by the President to be accompanied by balancing recommendations to raise the required revenue (except in times of emergency).

► Grant the President an "item veto" of appropriations measures—the power to veto a single appropriation without killing an entire bill.

**Taxes.** Ike would limit federal withholding so as to collect no more than half of an individual's total tax. If taxpayers were forced to pay the remaining half in a lump sum, said Eisenhower, they would realize more acutely their "contribution to federal profligacy." With less to spend from current revenues, he said, Congress too would realize the need to economize.

**The Congress.** Eisenhower would dilute the politically entrenched power of Congress and strengthen the Executive by limiting Senators to two terms of six years each and House members to three terms of four years each. The scheme would modify the congressional committee system which promotes members according to seniority and often assures a single Congressman tight control over a crucial committee for years on end.

**Elections.** Ike would move up the dates of national political conventions, elections and the date of presidential inaugurations so as to hold elections about Sept. 24 and inaugurations about Nov. 1. This, said Eisenhower, would at least give an incoming President time to prepare his own budget for the following year.



BILL EPHRIDGE

ROCKEFELLER TAKING THE OATH  
Labels must be examined . . .

## THE STATES

### The Inaugurals

Their right hands raised, their hopes displayed either in the determined set of their jaws or the shine of their smiles, 17 U.S. Governors (out of 35 elected or re-elected in 1962) took their oaths of office. Among them were two pre-eminent possibilities for the 1964 Republican Presidential nomination: New York's Nelson Rockefeller and Michigan's George Romney. The contrasting styles of their inaugural addresses gave a fascinating glimpse of the vast difference in their political situations.

Anyone who had any lingering doubt that Rocky was already off and running toward '64 could forget about it. In Albany's crowded State Assembly Chamber, he gave only passing mention to his plans for New York, devoted himself mainly to an enunciation of national political principle. His delivery was calm and confident.

**The Danger of Delusion.** Rocky spoke of what "every American" must do to help shape "the destiny of our American society." Said he: "It is the duty of every citizen not only to cast his ballot, but to cast it as wisely as he can—and this is not always easy. There is a danger that the voter may mistake words for substance, panaceas for basic solutions, and be deluded by slogans and labels such as conservative, liberal and progressive. [They] are not mutually exclusive concepts.

"We should respect conservatism, because we know the measureless value that is our heritage to save, to cherish and to enrich; because we believe that everything that is soundly built for the future is built in the present on the foundations of the past. We should respect liberalism, because we should be more concerned with the opportunities of tomorrow than with the record of yesterday. And we should respect a progressive point of view, because we believe in stable, ordered change and human progress, in the perfectibility of the individual human being and of the human society." That was a

platform that almost anyone could readily stand on.

**Green Pastures.** First-Termer Romney is in an entirely different situation. He is ambitious, and he will certainly be a serious presidential contender in '64 if he can make a reasonable start on whipping Michigan's problems. But that is an awfully large if. The savage factionalism of Michigan's politics has resulted in economic stagnation for the state. Romney was elected on the promise that he could and would get everyone working together to cure Michigan's ills; it would be suicide if, at this stage, he were to cast hopeful glances toward Washington.

Romney therefore pledged total dedication to his new job, "without an eye to greener pastures somewhere else." Just as wisely, he issued an evangelistic call for "an end to the cold war that has been hindering our state progress" and for greater "citizen participation" in state government.

Wearing long underwear beneath his blue suit for protection against the 19° temperature and the winter wind that howled across the capitol steps in Lansing, Romney declared: "Man is a creature first of God—and then of society. Most problems of our present day are in moral terms and are insoluble without generosity and vision. The people of Michigan have spoken in crisp, clear tones. They demand an end to partisanship for the sake of partisanship. Men of good will from both parties must get together. I shall encourage, support and recognize coalitions of concerned citizens."

**Rewards for Billboards.** Other oath-taking Governors, with perhaps less at stake in national terms, tailored their cloths to fit their own political patterns: ► California's Pat Brown, who stuck pretty much to state issues in his triumphant re-election campaign against Richard Nixon, was not about to change now. Brown faced his speech with specific state proposals. They ranged from the removal of some \$40,000 low-income persons from the state income tax rolls to the strict control of highway billboards—"When a

man throws an empty cigarette package from an automobile, he is liable to a fine of \$50; when a man throws a billboard across a view, he is liable to be richly rewarded"—and at least a moratorium on capital punishment. Declared the determined Brown: "I intend to invite disagreement, not for its own sake, but for the health of our commonwealth. I am concerned not about personal prestige but about public progress."

► Massachusetts Democrat Endicott ("Chub") Peabody proposed a thorough reorganization of the executive branch to give the Governor greater power, called for "a partnership for progress between Governor and legislature, between Democrats and Republicans, between government and the people." He urged an end to the "critical self-analysis" which "we in Massachusetts have raised to the level of a genius for self-destruction." The mild applause at speech's end had an ironic ring, since Peabody had just angered many of the legislature's top Democrats by recklessly urging the dumping of veteran Democratic House Speaker John Thompson. The Democratic-controlled House re-elected Thompson, seemed mad enough to mutilate Peabody's programs. ► New Hampshire's John W. King, first Democratic Governor of the state in 40 years, faced a Republican legislature and said he was not afraid. "I have been cast in the role of a Daniel in the lions' den. I do not share the anxiety. The vast majority of these [legislators] hold principle above party and public interest above political considerations."

► Nebraska's Incumbent Democratic Governor Frank B. Morrison assumed again the conservative stance that helped him defeat Fred Seaton, President Eisenhower's Interior Secretary. "Nebraska has the lowest per capita tax rate of any of the 50 states," he said. "I would like to see it remain so." Moreover, he had not lost the humble humor that makes him popular. Interrupting his speech to quaff a cup of water, he quipped: "I was raised in Kansas and never completely recovered from being dry."



MICHIGAN'S ROMNEY & WIFE  
. . . and partisanship must cease.

## Back at the Mansion . . .

With the exception of Nelson Rockefeller, most of those oath-taking Governors had at their sides first ladies who could be expected to make a statehouse into a home—and pick up a few votes on the side. Among them:

**Michigan's Lenore LaFount Romney,** 52, daughter of a federal radio commissioner under Calvin Coolidge. When Lenore moved to New York to study acting, George Romney, then working in Washington, courted her on weekends. By 1930, she was a bit player for M-G-M, appeared in movies with Greta Garbo and Jean Harlow. She was on the verge of signing a three-year contract—but George signed her up first. They were married in 1931, and Lenore is now the mother of four. When she gets settled in the Governor's mansion, Lenore wants to make "a real breakthrough in human relations by bringing people together as people—just like George has enunciated. Women have a very interesting role in this, and I don't expect to be a society leader holding a series of meaningless teas."

**Nebraska's Maxine Elizabeth Hepp Morrison,** 47, was once a department store model in Grand Island, is now the best-dressed and most-talked-about first lady in the state's history. She has a well-trained soprano voice, has sung (*Indian Love Call, Kiss Me Again, I'm Falling in Love with Someone*) at civic, social and political gatherings all over the state. Married since 1936, she met Frank Morrison on a blind date at a rodeo; a bit before, she had been tipped off by a fortuneteller who told her that "a tall, dark and handsome gentleman will marry you; there will be three children." There are,

**New Hampshire's Anna McLaughlin King,** 44, is a tall, attractive, Brooklyn-born blonde who was studying home economics at New York's Columbia University when she met John King in 1941.



OLIVE MOONAN—BOSTON GLOBE  
MASSACHUSETTS' PEABODY & WIFE  
Toni still gets tea.

She was a dietitian at Grasmere's Moore General Hospital when her husband ran for Governor, quit her job to help organize women volunteers for the campaign, filled in for him on several speaking engagements. An avid reader and ardent gardener, she has an intelligent grasp of problems, but foresees no great change in her way of life now that she is the Governor's wife. New Hampshire has no governor's mansion, so official social life will be limited. Says she simply: "I will just be a good wife to the Governor."

**Massachusetts' Barbara ("Toni") Welch Gibbons Peabody,** 40, got her political schooling from her father, Morris A.



NEBRASKA'S MRS. MORRISON & FAMILY\*  
Maxine still sings.



NEW HAMPSHIRE'S KING & WIFE  
Anna still keeps things simple.

Gibbons, who has been a member of Bermuda's colonial parliament for 40 years. Says "Chub" Peabody's cousin, Rosemary de Suze: "Toni is a marvelous cook, she is a marvelous seamstress, a marvelous mother and a marvelous wife. She will tackle anything and do it well." Sniffs a Boston society editor: "Chub would never have made it without her." He met Toni early in 1944, when he was stationed at a submarine base in Bermuda. Toni, a green-eyed blonde, was a U.S.O. volunteer. They got married six months later. When Chub went back to Harvard, Toni settled down to become wife and mother (three children), did not relish his going into politics but worked hard for him nevertheless. A woman of enormous energy ("I can't

\* Mrs. Morrison; daughter, Jean Marie, a senior at the University of Nebraska; son Frank Jr., an Ogallala, Neb., attorney, and his wife. Not pictured: son David, a trade-school student.



IRENE REIFER—SCRANTON TIMES

PENNSYLVANIA'S MRS. SCRANTON  
Mary still skis—and sometimes stalls.

bottle it up"), she hustled everywhere, pushed doorbells, inaugurated "Coffee with the Peabodys" in Boston parking lots, added "Lick the Opposition" Popsicles for the kids. When a milliner asked her why she went around hatless, Toni hurried away and bought 15 hats—just to prove that she was an ardent supporter of Massachusetts' millinery industry. She is an unabashed Massachusetts booster. At the inaugural dinner, for example, her menu consisted entirely of Massachusetts-produced foods: baked Essex clams, Suffolk celery hearts, roast Cape Cod duckling and cranberries, mashed Middlesex squash, Norfolk tomatoes, hearts of Boston lettuce, Parker House rolls, and Toll House cookies. "There are so many things a woman can do that need to be done," Toni says. "Jackie Kennedy showed the way for the rest of us. Think of all the history here in Massachusetts and our wonderful museums. These are the things a first lady can get attention focused on." While first ladyship will bring new opportunities, she does not propose to relinquish one particular Peabody tradition: tea for Toni in bed, proffered gallantly each morning by her husband, who then cooks breakfast for the children. Chub has been performing this duty ever since the two were married.

For a while it seemed that one first lady might not make it to her husband's inauguration. **Mary Chamberlin Scranton,** 44, whose husband Bill assumes office in Pennsylvania on Jan. 15, is an outgoing, athletic type. Last week at Elk Mountain, near Forest City, Pa., the Scrantons and their children went skiing. Mary and a friend, Lawrence Coughlin, took a chair lift to the summit, got stranded near the top. Down below, unaware of his wife's predicament, Bill Scranton began searching in vain. At length, Mary and Coughlin came skiing down to the lodge. They had been stopped cold in the chair lift about 25 ft. above the terrain in a 40-m.p.h., -10° F. wind. After half an hour, rescuers got them down by tying two ladders together and raising them to the chair. Deeply chilled, Mary Scranton gulped down hot coffee, went home, and returned to ski another day.

# THE WORLD

## THE CONGO

### The U.N. Drives Implacably Ahead

Belgian Cement Worker Albert Verbrugge was driving his wife and another woman down a quiet street in the copper town of Jadotville one day last week, when he suddenly heard the clatter of gunfire. Pulling the triggers for no apparent reason were nervous Indian troops of the advancing United Nations force. Verbrugge slammed his little Volkswagen to a halt. His wife was already dead, the other woman dying. With an anguished scream, Verbrugge stumbled out, blood streaming from a wound under his eye. "My wife is killed," he cried. "Why, why, why?"

The same question, in a larger context, was being asked in many capitals last week. For the third time in 15 months, the world was horrified witness to the spectacle of foreign soldiers, aided by the U.S., seizing the towns and firing on native soldiers of the Congo. To many, the U.N.'s very presence in the African land was of doubtful wisdom. But in any case, the blazing guns and swooping planes of the U.N. hardly fitted the pacifying intent of its original Congo mandate.

"It is an unspeakable tragedy," said Connecticut's Democratic Senator Thomas Dodd, "that the world organization which was set up to prevent war and preserve the peace should be starting wars." In London, 90 Tory M.P.s accused the U.N. of acting "contrary to its own charter." Even President Kennedy, who last week ordered the U.S. to begin shipping 2½-ton trucks, armored cars and transport planes to the U.N. Congo force, was reported to be alarmed at the disorder that arose from the U.N. shooting.

**On to Jadotville.** But there was no turning back on the basic decision that had been made. Katanga's Secessionist President Moise Tshombe had used every trick in the book to frustrate efforts

to reunite his rebellious, copper-rich province with the rest of the Congo. Now, U.N. Secretary-General U Thant, with U.S. encouragement, was determined to end the Katanga problem once and for all. The occasion happened to be the collapse of discipline among Tshombe's boozey, ragtag 20,000-man gendarmerie. When they began shooting at U.N. soldiers in Katanga a fortnight ago, the U.N. replied with all the power at its command.

Last week Irish infantrymen marched into Kipushi, site of copper mines at the Rhodesian border. Ethiopian U.N. troops already occupied Elisabethville itself. But the big prize was Jadotville, a town of 90,000, where the giant Union Minière mineral outfit produces one-third of its copper (110,000 tons) and three-fourths of its cobalt (6,600 tons) each year. Toward Jadotville, 70 miles from Elisabethville, moved a two-mile-long column of Indians commanded by Brigadier Reginald Noronha, a gutsy soldier who munched hardboiled eggs while mortar shells burst around him.

**Weapons Afloat.** Alarmed at the prospect of damage to mine installations in which both Britain and Belgium had heavy investments, British U.N. Ambassador Sir Patrick Dean and Belgium's Walter Loridan demanded assurances from Thant that the U.N. forces would go no farther. Thant assured them that they had halted at the Lufira River. That was correct, up to a point. With three bridges down, the Indians stopped at the Lufira all right, but only long enough to rig ropes and pulleys to a swimming float and ferry 120-mm. mortars, recoilless rifles and Jeeps across the stream. Noronha had no orders to take Jadotville—but then again, he had no orders not to—so he kept on going. Unopposed, the Indians trooped into Jadotville with Noronha himself heading a column of Jeeps.

Things were going less smoothly back at U.N. headquarters in Manhattan. Convinced that Thant had deceived them about Jadotville, Belgian and British diplomats wanted to know what had happened. Thant intimated that his aides in the Congo had exceeded their orders. "There occurred a serious breakdown," a spokesman said, "in effective communication and coordination between the U.N. headquarters and the Leopoldville office." Off to Leopoldville, "to determine the cause of this lapse and to ensure it will not recur" flew U.N. Under Secretary Ralph Bunche. But once there, Bunche announced that the U.N. still wanted "freedom of movement" throughout all of



VERBRUGGE, WOUNDED, IN ANGUISH  
"Why, why, why?"

Katanga, and added: "The task is not completed."

**Bug-Out Artists.** Tshombe himself alternately shouted defiance and whispered of his peaceable aims. After a panicky flight to Southern Rhodesia when the U.N. first attacked, he returned to Katanga, setting up headquarters in the town of Kolwezi. He was disposed to negotiate, he said, but if the U.N. refused to do so, "we shall fight to the end." Upset at his gendarmerie's pitiful showing, he reportedly sacked hot-tempered Army Commander General Norbert ("Napoleon") Moké, relied chiefly on a force of 200 or 300 white mercenaries for a possible last-ditch stand. But apparently even the mercenaries left something to be desired. Two whites, a Belgian and a Hungarian-born U.S. Army deserter who were captured by the Indians at the Lufira River, scorned the South Africans and Rhodesians with whom they fought as "big bug-out artists." The Katangese, they said, "ran even before the first shot."

Tshombe's "scorched earth" threats proved more bluff than anything else. Before they fled, his Katangese troops sabotaged the control board at Union Minière's Jadotville plant. The company's production was at a total halt. But damage was relatively mild, and the U.N. now had sentries protecting two-thirds of its installations.

**Happy Days.** Whatever criticism was being leveled at the U.N. operation, it drew noisy cheers back in Leopoldville, where Congolese Central Government Premier Cyrille Adoula has been walking a tightrope between a rebellious Parliament and a restive army. Although his government was nearly bankrupt without the huge revenue from Katanga promised to it by the departing Belgian regime 2½ years ago, Adoula's hopes rose last week with the visit of Union Minière and Bank of Katanga officials who declared their readiness to divvy up the profits. After lunching with his visitors, Adoula announced: "This is the happiest day of my life."





VERBRUGGHE, BANDAGED, WITH VICTIM  
The question was asked elsewhere too.

Adoula was under heavy pressure to get the Katanga mess settled before spring, for Tshombe's secession has been the main complaint of Leopoldville's chaotic Parliament. This unruly rabble, governed largely by its tribal loyalties, does not hesitate to change its tune with every turn in the complicated Congo political mess. For no apparent reason other than to embarrass Adoula, the Deputies last month voted unanimously to free Communist Sympathizer Antoine Gizenga from his island prison at the mouth of the Congo River. Adoula sensibly ignored the resolution, last week announced that Parliament was adjourning, bought tickets home for the legislators, and sent them out of town for at least two months. Though they grumbled that his action was "not polite," the Deputies went away quietly.

Before they return, Adoula must have a definite deal in the works. He may well be holding long talks with his old foe, Moise Tshombe himself, by that time. This, of course, is the goal of the U.N. Congo effort. There is no desire to destroy Tshombe himself. Even the U.N.'s U Thant recognizes that Tshombe is about the most capable man in Katanga to deal with. Other alternatives are grim; Katanga's Interior Minister Godefroid Munongo, Tshombe's No. 2 man, is a fanatic who declares that he will never deal with either the U.N., Adoula, or "the python of Wall Street."

But getting Moise Tshombe to Leopoldville will not be easy, for he is determined to hold out for all of Katanga's wealth until it becomes clear that the alternative is to lose it all. Last week the State Department in Washington was putting on the pressure. Though Belgium and Britain were dickering to get Tshombe back to his capital of Elisabethville for talks with the U.N. on any terms, the U.S. declared: "We expect Mr. Tshombe to end promptly the Katanga secession." It added reassuringly, "There is no desire to deny Mr. Tshombe a place in the future political life of the Congo."

## SOUTH VIET NAM The Helicopter War Runs into Trouble

The helicopter has revolutionized the ugly little anti-Communist war in South Viet Nam. Using the whirlybirds for transport, government forces no longer remain immobile in fixed outposts. They now go where the Viet Cong goes.

Sometimes this is not very healthy, for the Red guerrillas have developed tactics to counter the copters. In the early days, they tried to shoot them down with homemade shotguns and ancient French rifles; one helicopter even returned to base with an arrow stuck in its fuselage. Today, with more practice and an abundant supply of captured U.S. weapons, the Viet Cong gangmen can make things hot for the most skilled U.S. helicopter pilot. Last week the Viet Cong forces proved their prowess by shooting down five helicopters over rice marches southwest of Saigon and inflicting a brutal defeat on the government forces.

**Like Shooting Ducks.** The battle began as a routine "search and clear" operation in a Red-infested area near the tiny hamlet of Apbac. The strike plan called for ten U.S. H-21 troop-carrying helicopters, escorted by five U.S. rocket-firing HU-1A choppers, to ferry 400 government troops to the drop zone in waves of 100 men each. The first three groups landed with no ground fire from the enemy. But as the fourth lift fluttered over the paddies, the Communists let loose with a blaze of bullets from the woods at the edge of the rice field. "The tree line seemed to explode with machine-gun fire," said one helicopter pilot. "It was pure hell." Virtually motionless, the banana-shaped helicopters were helpless targets at point-blank range; five of the hovering choppers were shot down, and nine others were riddled by enemy fire.

On the ground, the government forces were pinned down in the hail of fire. "When those poor Vietnamese came out of the choppers, it was like shooting ducks for the Viet Cong," said one U.S. officer. The stunned survivors burrowed into the slimy mud of the paddies and stayed there, refusing to continue the assault. Desperately, Captain Kenneth Good, 32, a West Pointer from Ewa Beach, Hawaii, sought to rally the Vietnamese for a counterattack, but he was stashed through the neck and chest by a burst from a Viet Cong automatic rifle. The government troops stayed put.

After eight hours of continuous bombardment, reinforcements began to arrive. Blasting away with machine guns, government armored cars repeatedly attacked the entrenched Viet Cong positions at the tree line and along a canal bordering the paddies; each time they were driven back. Overhead, government planes pounded the Viet Cong with bombs and napalm, but the Communists did not break. "My God, we got a fix on one machine-gun position and made 15 aerial runs on it," said a U.S. adviser. "Every time we thought we had him, and every time that damned gunner came right back up, firing."

**The Open Wallet.** As dusk fell, the Viet Cong slipped into sampans and escaped down the darkened canal with their dead and wounded. "Everything we did went wrong," complained a U.S. adviser. A battalion of government paratroopers, assigned the job of blocking the Reds' escape route, was airdropped into the wrong position. And when government artillery at last started to shell the wooded Viet Cong positions, their rounds were zeroed in on their own troops, killed three of their own men.

Worst of all, the battered Vietnamese troops showed little interest in pursuing the Reds. Instead, they sloshed through the paddyfields, picking up their casual-



U.S. HELICOPTER CREW CHIEF OVER MEKONG DELTA  
Below, the treeline seemed to explode.

ties—68 dead and 100 wounded—and poking through the downed helicopters. On the cabin floor of one of the choppers lay the wallet of a dead U.S. adviser—open to a picture of his wife and child. In all, three U.S. advisers—Captain Good, Sergeant William Deal of Mays Landing, N.J., and Specialist 4 Donald Braman of Radcliff, Ky.—were killed in the ambush, and six more wounded. The dead brought to 56 the number of U.S. troops killed so far in South Viet Nam.

**Piecemealed to Death.** The extent of the government defeat under conditions of its own choosing and the heavy losses suffered by the U.S. helicopters caused heads to snap from Saigon to Washington,

as Marseille and Barcelona were blanketed with snow. Temperatures fell so low in Switzerland that the hardy monks and trusty dogs of St. Bernard retreated to the valley from their Alpine monastery. Ten French villages along the English Channel were isolated for days, and inhabitants ran out of bread, meat and coal. Roads in northern France became literally paths of ice, and a man could have skated 100 miles from Boulogne to Beauvais. As rivers and canals froze in The Netherlands, droves of ice skaters turned out, and 50 drowned in a single day. In some places along Europe's Baltic coast, the sea itself was turning to ice.

Britain was hit even more savagely than



BARCELONA SNOWSCAPE  
Even the St. Bernards retreated.

BARCELONA FOTOS FIEL

Under orders from President Kennedy, the Pentagon began to investigate ways in which the choppers can be better protected. In Saigon, U.S. advisers admitted that the day was a "miserable performance," blamed the defeat on a "lack of aggressiveness" by government troops. "They moved in slowly and gave the Viet Cong a chance to piecemeal them to death," said one American officer.

Still, U.S. advisers are pleased with the progress made by government troops over the past year. "Casualties are inevitable when you are fighting a war," said one. "The Viet Cong are improving their arsenal and techniques. We're doing the same—and on balance we're still way out ahead of them."

## EUROPE

### The Snow Blitz

A howling gale from the Arctic icebox collided over Western Europe with warm, moist winds from the Mediterranean. The result: the most savage winter storms of the century.

An Austrian express train bound from Vienna to Paris got so thoroughly lost in the blizzard that it ended up in Munich. A Yugoslav train reached its destination minus its last five cars; they had blown off en route. Even such southern cities

as the Continent. Some 95,000 miles of highways were completely out of service. Eight-foot drifts blocked the main road from London to Portsmouth, and near Weymouth, belated rescuers dug down to a snow-buried car, found two dead and three nearly smothered travelers. Helicopters in Dorset saved 71 trapped bus passengers, including a month-old baby sheltered in a cardboard box. Asian Gurkha troops were called out from army camps to rescue stranded old-age pensioners in Wiltshire.

One result of the weather was London's quietest New Year's Eve in recent memory. Only a few hardy souls gathered in Piccadilly Circus for the traditional singing of *Auld Lang Syne*. There were 162 arrests, mostly for throwing snowballs at policemen. A Daily Herald columnist discovered another social effect of the snow blitz. In mock horror, he reported that "five total strangers talked to me in the blizzard on the station platform."

## FRANCE

### The Cautious Amorist

Raising his champagne glass, Charles de Gaulle affably wished a happy new year to the newsmen invited to his annual press reception at the Elysée Palace last week. But he refused to discuss the issue upper-

most in every reporter's mind: President Kennedy's proposal to supply France with Polaris missiles. When a newsmen brashly reminded France's President that "Kennedy is offering them to you," le grand Charles turned, stared down his questioner, and replied with heroic restraint: "Are you really sure?"

No one—not even Charles de Gaulle—could say with certainty what form the Polaris offer might finally take. Kennedy promised at Nassau to equip British nuclear submarines with the missile on condition that the government commit its Polaris fleet to NATO for the defense of Western Europe as a whole (TIME, Dec. 28). The terms cabled to De Gaulle were "similar." Administration officials said: they could not be "identical" without drastic changes in U.S. law. For, unlike Britain, France would almost certainly need U.S. help to miniaturize its own crude warheads, which weigh twice as much (1,543 lbs.) as the Polaris payload; France would also need help in designing nuclear submarines for the missile.

Such technical details, De Gaulle pointed out in a maybe-yes, maybe-no reply to Kennedy last week, would need close study, though he acknowledged that the proposal was both "interesting and important." His letter wound up by reminding Kennedy of France's "national imperatives," meaning France's independent nuclear deterrent.

The U.S., which badly wants De Gaulle to restore to NATO command the troops and ships that he has pulled out of the alliance, probably hoped that the potent, durable Polaris might prove an alluring offer. After a flying trip to Palm Beach for consultation with Kennedy, U.S. Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen returned to Paris to tell De Gaulle in person that there is ample room for negotiation on the U.S. offer. No quick decision seemed likely. As De Gaulle himself said: "These are immensely far-reaching problems. One doesn't give them a single answer. One responds to them every day for ten years."

## SPAIN

### More News, More Money

Spaniards who tuned in on news broadcasts last week got the surprise of a quarter-century. Since Francisco Franco installed himself as Spain's dictator in 1938, every newscast had unfailingly ended with a ponderous salute to his Falangist Party and a martial rendition of the Falangist anthem. Last week, for the first time, news bulletins ended instead with a pleasant feminine voice bidding *señores y señoras* good day, followed by a few bars of a catchy *paso doble*.

In slow-moving Spain, change of any kind is rare and reluctant. Yet, almost imperceptibly the regime is beginning to relax its iron grip on society. Since his appointment as Franco's Information Minister last July, Manuel Fraga Iribarne, 40, has boosted the daily ration of radio news from four to 18 broadcasts a day and for the first time allowed Spanish listeners a comparatively broad sampling of world events.

**Tale of Pasionaria.** Press censorship has mellowed markedly. Newspapers are no longer given the old-style *instrucciones* that laid down what stories they could run and even dictated how they should be laid out. Though the country's biggest dailies in Madrid and Barcelona are still subject to censorship, only 15 stories have been doctored by government officials since Franco took over, and no foreign publications have been seized for political reasons.<sup>8</sup> In other cities, papers no longer are required to show galley proofs to the censors before going to press. One weekly is actually serializing the memoirs of Dolores Ibarruri, the fabled *La Pasionaria* of Civil War days, who is queen bee of Spain's exiled Communist Party; her very name until recently was taboo in the Spanish press.

Of the eight prominent intellectuals arrested last year after denouncing Franco at a Munich conference, five have been pardoned and the rest allowed to go into voluntary exile. Franco's uniformed state police, once everywhere, is now less obvious, less arrogant.

**Gift for One-Fifth.** Franco's decision to end Spain's long cultural and political isolation is based on his twofold conviction that 1) the populace as a whole now accepts his regime, and 2) Spain cannot survive economically if it is excluded from the European Common Market, whose members bitterly dislike his autocratic ways. The stubborn illegal strikes that crippled Spain's economy for two months last year also forced *el Caudillo* to recognize that the country's hard-pressed workers are desperately eager to enjoy living standards comparable to those of other Europeans.

As a gift to the hopelessly poor unskilled laborers who make up one-fifth of the work force, Franco last week announced an increase in the minimum wage that will almost double their take-home pay and fringe benefits (to \$1.66 a day). Spain, said Franco, in a year-end TV and radio address, is now "a nation of peace, on the road to economic recuperation, with a capacity for growth in all sectors of its life, and with a youth that is technically prepared and eager to face the future."

## RUSSIA

### Party Time

The New Year's Eve party was going full blast in the banquet hall atop the Kremlin's Palace of Congresses. Communist bigwigs mingled with diplomats, military leaders and stars of the Soviet cultural elite. Everyone was in high spirits, including Soviet ex-President Kliment Voroshilov, 82, who broke into an impromptu jig when the band played a snappy Russian melody. Genial Host Nikita Khrushchev roared his hearty approval.

It was no occasion for disharmonious words; so when the time came for speeches, Nikita waved away the latest 20,000-word attack on his policies by

Red China. Every family has troubles, Khrushchev declared, gesturing amiably at the Western diplomats in the crowd. "You just get married and you will soon notice that differences develop."

As for his differences with the West, Khrushchev hoped that 1963 would solve "urgent problems fraught with new crises," a bit of doublespeak about Berlin that could fit any eventuality. The first would probably come at next week's congress of the East German Communist Party, which Khrushchev will attend.

Last week, when the U.S. moved 1,500 infantrymen by highway into the divided city in a routine shift of regiments, there was not a moment of obstructionist delay

stick to regulations.<sup>9</sup> Out went a call to the Soviet Foreign Ministry, explaining the situation and asking that the peasants be removed. Embarrassed by the whole thing, the U.S. officials prevented foreign correspondents from photographing or speaking with the visitors.

At last, a dilapidated bus drove into the embassy compound and backed up to the lunchroom door. With it came Soviet Foreign Ministry agents, who urged the peasants to come along quietly. "Come now, let's not have a demonstration," said one. "Where will you take us?" a Siberian inquired. "To a hotel," replied the official. "Then we will arrange for you to go back home." By then, the women were



KHRUSHCHEV & KREMLIN COMRADES AT NEW YEAR'S BANQUET  
Even in marriage there are differences.

at the Russian checkpoint. Ready to greet the fresh troops was a new U.S. West Berlin commandant, Major General James H. Polk, 51. Said Polk, in a message to West Berliners: "We are here to stay."

### "Help Us!"

Out of the swirling snow of a Moscow winter morning last week, 32 shabby peasants suddenly appeared at the iron gates of the U.S. embassy at 19/21 Tchaikovsky Street, brushed past the Russian guards on the sidewalk, and strode inside. To flabbergasted American diplomats they put a startling request: Help us get out of Russia.

The six men, twelve women and 14 children clad in tattered sheepskin coats and babushkas were a forlorn lot with a forlorn tale. They came from a sect of Protestant Pentecostal evangelists in the Siberian town of Chernogorsk, near the Mongolian border 2,100 miles to the east. Of late, local authorities there had taken away several children of the sect, and threatened to imprison the adult faithful. With the vague notion that a foreign embassy might help them, the Siberians went by train to Moscow. Now they wanted to travel to "Israel"—probably meaning the Israel of the Old Testament.

The Americans listened sympathetically, but Ambassador Foy Kohler had to

wailing. One peasant yelled, "But I do not want to go back! They will arrest me and shoot me!" To a cluster of newsmen standing near by, he cried, "We ask all brothers and sisters who believe in God: Help us! Help us!" Then the bus drove away into the snow.

### The Gold Rush

The Soviet Union boasts some of the tightest border controls in the world, but they are not tight enough to hold back a thriving network of Russian dealers in contraband currency that stretches from Peking to Paris and points beyond. Last week a Kazakhstan factory owner went on trial in Alma Ata after he was nabbed wearing a money belt crammed not only with rubles but also with French francs

<sup>8</sup> TIME alone was banned or seized 54 times in eleven years by Franco's predecessor.

<sup>9</sup> The State Department later explained that it is U.S. policy, as a rule, to deny asylum to foreigners in embassies abroad unless the person is in "imminent danger from mob violence." Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, Roman Catholic Primate of Hungary, was considered qualified "under exceptional circumstances" when he won sanctuary in the U.S. legation during the 1956 uprising in Budapest, where he still lives.

<sup>†</sup> Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan, President Leonid Brezhnev, Cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin, Old Test Pilot Boris Rossinsky, Genial Host, Communist Party Secretary Frol Kozlov, Soviet Presidium Member Nikolai Shvernik.

and U.S. dollars. In his home were three ounces of pearls, 2700 antelope horns, which the Chinese prize for their supposed medicinal qualities, and 22 lbs. of gold, which he planned to export to accomplices in Communist China. Using a mine detector, cops found another cache of gold buried in the gutter in front of the smuggler's house.

Last month another ring of prospering foreign traders was broken up in the Moslem Soviet Republic of Uzbekistan. Alas, a railroad policeman was on the platform of Tashkent's station when coins clinked at the feet of an elderly beggar. The cop discovered that the coins were solid gold and bore the face of Czar Nicholas II. Sewn into the beggar's rags were coins, pearls and precious stones.

The trail led to four other gang members, whose illicit inventory included 400 lbs. of precious aniline dyes, 220 yards of satin, \$200 in British pounds, and hundreds of thousands of rubles in state loan certificates, rubies, coins and medals. A crook named "Blue Eyes" was all set to haul the swag out by car to Afghanistan. The gang had hoped to use the profits to finance a pilgrimage to Mecca. Instead, they all landed in a Tashkent jail, sentenced to terms of 10 to 15 years.

## INDIA

### How Dry I Am

In a belt-tightening measure intended to save money for national defense, India last week decreed an end to the import of foreign liquor. After existing stocks of Scotch and brandy are used up, Indian drinkers will have to depend on such local specialties as palm wine, rose petal liquor and a brew of saffron musk.

The decree was good news to India's flourishing bootleggers. Mohandas Gandhi's abstinence led most states to establish liquor-control laws; today they range from total prohibition in Madras, Bombay and Gujarat, to restrictions in Calcutta (every Wednesday is a dry day) and New Delhi (two dry days per week).

India's experience with prohibition echoes that of the U.S. According to a longtime resident, officially dry Bombay has become a "gigantic distillery where most of the citizens either drink, brew or smuggle liquor with the kind of know-how that would have made Dutch Schultz green with envy." Speakeasies can be found in luxurious midtown apartments and in one-room shacks on the city's swampy outskirts. Sometimes the booze is genuine Scotch sneaked ashore from visiting freighters; more often it is a strange local concoction with a name like Jungle Flower, which has been distilled from such ingredients as varnish, kerosene, gasoline or rotting bananas.

Corruption is widespread. In New Delhi a police officer was caught shipping whisky to Bombay in crates labeled "Government of India Records." An illegal still was found in a Bombay compound owned (but not occupied) by Finance Minister Morarji Desai, an ardent prohibitionist. One bootlegger proved to be the chauffeur of Bombay's chief justice, and his

still was located in his employer's garage. The police of Maharashtra state informed local officials that they had to neglect ordinary criminals because they spent so much time on prohibition raids.

Pressure is growing to scrap prohibition, and to boost India's own alcohol production so that the state can collect substantial taxes. Even India's saintly President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan seems to have got the message. At a recent New Delhi meeting of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, he hinted that prohibition might not be the answer, observing: "It is not by legislation that one can control drinking, but by what training youth receive in their homes."

## RED CHINA

### The Chilly Season

Red China's masses last week had much in common with the subjects of the famous fairy-tale emperor: everybody was talking about new clothes, but nobody



LAWRENCE K. CHANG

CHINESE FROGMEN AT TUNGYIN ISLAND

The propaganda was verified.

could actually see them. After three years of bad cotton crops, the annual cloth ration has shrunk to as little as 2½ ft. per person in some regions—"just enough," said one refugee, "to patch our rags." So severe is the shortage, according to the official Peking People's Daily, that "clothes hospitals" are making short-sleeved shirts out of long-sleeved shirts, a vest out of a short-sleeved shirt, and underwear out of a vest."

In timeworn style, Communist Party Chairman Mao Tse-tung's lieutenants blame drought, hailstorms and insect blights for cutting the ration from a manageable 20.65 ft. in 1957 to its present handkerchief size. But Red China's frayed look also owes much to a deliberate decision by its leaders. "When the bad crops began in 1959," explains one Western expert in Hong Kong, "cotton and cloth was one place where you could squeeze the people." Peking squeezed hard, cutting back cotton acreage at least 20% so that every spare cloot of earth could be sown to grains. The result: China's 1962 grain harvest was up 10% to 182 million metric

tons, while the cotton crop may have fallen to as low as 1,200,000 metric tons, down one-third from 1958. Further aggravating the situation at home, Peking sold huge amounts of cotton abroad to earn foreign exchange. With the onset of the chilly season, even the cloth wrapping on gift parcels from relatives abroad is used to patch threadbare garments. Said one refugee in Hong Kong: "We are used to getting cold in the winter."

## FORMOSA Invasions, Ltd.

On the rocky island of Tungyin, 50 miles off the coast of Red China, is the headquarters of a little-known military unit called the Anti-Communist National Salvation Army. The secret army, 30,000 strong, is Chiang Kai-shek's instrument for the long-promised return to the mainland. The troops are trained as guerrillas, armed with U.S. weapons, and come largely from the mainland coastal provinces.



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# THE HEMISPHERE

## THE AMERICAS

### Who Invests & Who Doesn't

The World Bank is no charity. When it makes a development loan, it expects the applicant to show that his project is well conceived and that his credit is good. The bank expects to make a modest profit on its international loans, and tends its business so shrewdly that in 16 years of lending it has not suffered a default. Last year the bank opened its vaults for \$646 million in loans to 19 countries. Who got most of the money? Not Africa or Asia. Latin America got 51%.

In 1962 Asia received \$78 million from the bank, plus \$163 million from its affiliate, the International Development Association. But five Latin American countries got \$328 million, 60% more than in 1961. Mexico received \$30.5 million to build federal toll roads and bridges, \$130 million for its massive electrification program. Before Argentina's military junta deposed President Arturo Frondizi last March, the bank came through with \$95 million to expand electric power in Buenos Aires. Other loans: \$50 million to Colombia and \$4,000,000 to Panama for electric power, \$18.5 million to Uruguay for highway development. From I.D.A., in addition, came long-term loans of \$8,000,000 to El Salvador and \$350,000 to Haiti for highway construction. \$3,000,000 to Nicaragua to expand the water system of the capital, Managua.

If the World Bank has few fears about its investments in Latin America, other investors have plenty. Political instability and chronic inflation have frightened U.S. investors to the point that in the first nine months of 1962 there was a \$37 million net withdrawal of private U.S. capital v. a \$144 million net inflow in 1961.

Nor were all Latin Americans themselves any less bashful. According to the best estimates, Latin Americans have \$11 billion invested abroad and stashed away in U.S. and Swiss banks. How much went out last year is hard to pin down, but U.S. economists think the figure could be as high as \$800 million. Said a Quito businessman, with feeling: "If all the capital abroad would return, Ecuador could be very well off. No basic foreign aid would be necessary."

## CUBA

### Castro Defiant

The fourth anniversary of Fidel Castro's rule in Cuba was celebrated with the inevitable parade and even more inevitable speech. The parade at least was better than usual, if less fun: gone were the baggy pants and nonchalant waves to bystanders. Now it was all crisp creases, steel helmets and eyes staring mechanically front. As tight arrowhead formations of Soviet-built MIG jets thundered overhead, Cubans got their first glimpse of Russian missiles: the bulky surface-

to-surface variety carried by coastal patrol boats, and the grey, sharp-nosed SA-2 antiaircraft rockets that presumably shot down a U-2 reconnaissance plane two months ago. As the missiles rolled by, a Cuban TV announcer gloated: "These weapons can destroy an enemy plane at its highest flight ceiling."

Though the Russians have removed their bombers and nuclear rockets, they are apparently still pumping "defensive" arms into Castro's island fortress. A new estimate by the U.S.:

- More than 100 MIG jet fighters, including 30 supersonic, late-model MIG 21s. At the time of the Cuban crisis in October, Castro had only two or three MIG 21s.
- 500 SA-2 missiles for 144 launchers at 24 antiaircraft rocket sites.
- 40 coastal defense missiles at four or five sites, plus twelve coastal patrol boats, each equipped with two ship-to-ship missiles apiece.
- About 350 Soviet medium and heavy tanks.
- Some 75 self-propelled assault guns, and more than 2,000 fieldpieces, including 152-mm. howitzers.

Guatemala's President Miguel Ydígoras has been the most vigorous opponent of Castro among all Latin American leaders. The Bay of Pigs invasion brigade trained on Guatemalan soil, and Ydígoras even offered to let anti-Castro Cubans form a government in exile there. But last week, facing strong pressure from the left and right, Ydígoras ordered all anti-Castro Cubans rounded up and expelled from Guatemala. "It is time," he said, "for other Latin American countries to do their part." As for the U.S., he told a reporter, "I would like to live in Florida, but at the pace Castro is meddling in U.S. matters, possibly when I finish my presidency Florida will already be a Communist state."

## CANADA

### The Amazing Mendicant

At election time last June, Canada was in a mess. The country's stock markets plunged downward in Wall Street's wake; the once proud Canadian dollar fell to 92½ U.S. cents, and Canada's foreign exchange holdings fell nearly 50% to a scary low of \$1.1 billion. Six days after the election, in which the Conservatives remained in power, but as a minority government, Prime Minister John Diefenbaker suddenly put on the country's most stringent austerity since 1947. Canadian Historian Bruce Hutchison mourned that Canada was "brought to the rim of ruin . . . and became a mendicant."

The mendicant has since done pretty well for himself. By arranging loans and credits of \$1.5 billion from such friends as the U.S. and the International Monetary Fund, by cutting back luxury imports and pushing bargain-priced exports, and by slapping surcharges on tariffs at a time when most other nations are lowering theirs, Canada has done a considerable job of turning its economy around. Tidying up accounts, Trade and Commerce Minister George Hees cited evidence as cheerful as his salesman's smile:

- Gross national product grew 9% to \$39 billion for the year—a brighter performance than that of the U.S., Britain or the miracle nations of Europe.
- Unemployment fell from an average 7.2% of the labor force in 1961 to 5.9%.
- Corporate profits, fattened by 13.6% over the first nine months of 1961, figured to reach \$3.8 billion by year's end.
- Exports, nudged by a devalued dollar, rose by 9% to \$6.3 billion.

Said Professor Scott Gordon of Ottawa's Carleton University: "It's quite obvious that the financial crisis is well and truly over. The time is ripe, in fact overdue, for the government to take strong expansionist measures."



RUSSIAN ROCKET LAUNCHERS IN HAVANA  
Lots of Iron Curtain hardware, and more not shown.

## PEOPLE



SOPHIA LOREN  
A bit bubbly.

tributes his vigorous health to the Reds; he and his wife inject themselves with a mysterious, Rumanian-developed novocain serum called H-3. Anglican churchmen have long squirmed over the Red Dean's antics, but Dr. Johnson has at last done something to gladden their hearts. Saying that he wants to travel and finish his autobiography, he turned in his resignation (as of next May) to the Queen.

After 42 years on the boards, England's first prima ballerina, **Alicia Markova** (nee Lilian Marks), 52, ever so casually announced that she was turning in her tutu to teach. Boarding a New York-bound jet at London Airport, the Dresden-fragile dancer, who has been plagued with illness since a tonsillectomy last February, told reporters simply: "My New Year's resolution is to give up active dancing."

For months there was talk of an impending divorce between Belgium's tall, handsome ex-King **Leopold**, 61, and his wife Liliane, 46. But when Leopold returned from a zoological expedition to the Amazon basin, Liliane, handsome as ever, was at the airport to meet him. Dropping his royal reserve for once, Leopold later issued a 414-word statement denouncing "those infuriating and scandalous rumors." His wife, he said, had stood by him "with devotion and tenderness for better and for worse. Thanks to her I found again my family hearth."

The leggy Lido chorus girls were competing for the Duke of Windsor's attention, and whatever Countess Mona von Bismarck, 65, was blaring in his ear seemed urgent too. But the Duke, as well



VON BISMARCK, DE FIGUEROA & FRIENDS  
A bit bemused.

as the photographers covering the Paris nightspot's new revue, found it hard not to focus on such a well-turned-out fashion plate as the Countess **Marie Aline de Figueroa**, 41, the American-born wife of the Spanish Count of Quintanilla.

The rigors of spring training are still more than a month off, but baseball's geriatric wonder, St. Louis Cardinal Outfielder **Stan Musial**, 42, was already embarking on his own workout program by running a brisk mile twice a week. Then "The Man," who hit a blistering .330 last season (his 22-year average: .333), dropped by the Cardinal offices to make all the exercise worthwhile. He signed a contract for an estimated \$65,000. "I never felt better," said Stan, "and that's hard to say when you're getting older."

Articulating admirably, **Marlon Brando**, 38, let a Tokyo reporter for *Variety* in on the difficulties of marketing a Great Actor. "An actor is a product like Florsheim shoes or Ford cars," said Brando. "He's a useful product that is resold many times for social purposes; and he's exploited the way any other piece of merchandise is." All terribly crass, but something else bugged Brando even more: "As soon as you become an actor, people start asking you questions about politics, astrology, archaeology and birth control. And what's even funnier, you start giving opinions."

Ill lay: **Robert Frost**, 88, patriarch poet of the U.S., in Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital after surgery for a urinary tract obstruction complicated by a mile heart attack and a subsequent blood clot in his lung; **Clifton Webb**, 69, courtly film comedian, in a Houston hospital for vascular surgery; **Mrs. William O. Douglas**, 45, wife of the Supreme Court Justice, with lacerations of the forehead and left knee sustained in a car-truck collision in Georgetown not far from her home; **Hugh Gaitskell**, 56, Britain's Labor Party leader, in a London hospital with pleurisy complicated by pericarditis,



ALDOUS HUXLEY & MODEL  
A bit baggy.

At a Kremlin reception, Russian Premier **Nikita Khrushchev**, 68, was presented with a gift designed by the members of the British correspondents' poker club in Moscow: a London-tailored tie of midnight-blue, decorated with golden cupolas symbolically inset with crossed sickles and quills. Nikita did not miss the point, added a *touche* of his own. "I am delighted," he said, "and I promise to wear it at my next press conference." His last press conference for Western newsmen: July 15, 1960.

Looking Britishly baggy but craggily handsome, the gloomy prophet of impending automation, Novelist **Aldous Huxley**, 68, bravely entered the chic new world of fashion modeling. He consented to pose for *Harper's Bazaar* with a woolen-suited mannequin at his side. "It was no trouble at all to get him," said a *Harper's* editor. "A man that age enjoys having a pretty girl on his arm."

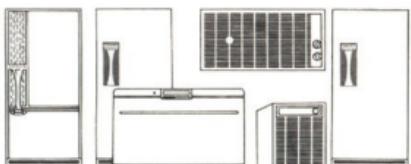
With his high dome, big nose and white hair, the Very Rev. **Hewlett Johnson**, 88, looks something like a latter-day George Washington. But his thoughts go the other way. For 32 years, the "Red Dean" of Canterbury has nursed a passion for Communism. He pleaded for the U.S. to give Russia the atomic bomb, accused the U.S. of germ warfare in Korea. "Communism," he preached, "is doing something. It is following Christ's standards." He even at-

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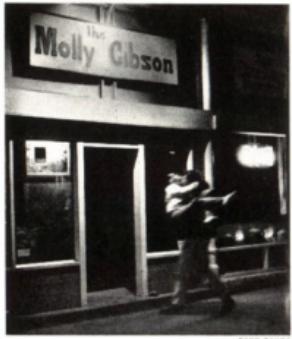
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SKIERS AT ASPEN: BY DAY



BY NIGHT  
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## RECREATION

### The Ski People

Time was when college boys went home for the holidays; these days, more and more are taking off with or without their girls and fraternity brothers for a bit of resorting on the cheap. Spring vacation, for instance, is Fort Lauderdale time (or Malibu, or Bermuda), where you can throw your sleeping bag on the beach and live on hamburgers and beer. From Christmas to New Year's, it may well be a ski resort, where you can bed down in a bunkhouse and live on hamburgers and beer.

In New England last week, they were braving gale-force winds and 20°-below-zero temperatures in the big old places such as Stowe and Bromley, as well as in a host of small new ones that have been sprouting on the hills each year. In the West, they were trying out the ski tows and warming huts at such new places as Big Mountain in Montana and Alpine

Meadows in California. But the major mecca for college-agers at Christmastime is the town of Aspen, developed by the late industrialist Walter Paepcke high in the Rocky Mountains, 105 miles southwest of Denver.

**Bums & Beats.** Snow was far from plentiful in Aspen last week, but close to 1,000 young people crowded into town, augmenting the 3,000-odd other visitors. Aspen has 60 lodges, hotels, motels, guest houses and dormitories, and the youngsters mostly put up in the dormitories for about \$4 a night, sleeping four or more in a room. Skiing is an expensive addiction (\$45 million was spent on equipment alone in the U.S. last year), and one of the chief subjects of discussion was the \$6.50 charge for a ticket on the ski lift.

To cover the high cost of schuss and slalom, many young people become what are known—not derogatorily—as ski bums. Ski bums work to pay their way; they make up a major part of the labor force at the winter resorts. They fare better in the East, where they get room, board, lift tickets and a little extra money, than in the West, where they get only money, and not much of that. A few are adept enough to work as instructors, but most of Aspen's ski bums work in the bars, restaurants and shops.

A new category of young ski people are the ski beats, a small, unwelcome group of drifters who are not so much interested in skiing as in having fun. Unwilling to work, they do their best to sleep for nothing—in cars when it is not too cold, or by sponging. And they have notoriously little respect for private property.

This year's record inrush of students, ski bums and ski beats produced a rash of fights, breakage and stolen equipment that led some traitorous Aspeneites to call for a police crackdown on all young people. But the Aspen Times editorialized in favor of moderation: "Not having money is no crime, and the fact that some skiers may be temporarily out of work should not give the police the right to harass them." Bars and restaurants try to maintain a close surveillance of identity cards to avoid selling liquor to those under 21, or beer to those under 18, but with beer being sold by the pitcher, the law is hard to enforce.

For boys, Aspen has some reputation as the place where the girls are. "The basic thing here is the lack of supervision," says Student Steve Barinka of San Diego Junior College. "This explains much of the appeal of Aspen."

**Aloette.** If the snow was scarce, the beer was plentiful on New Year's Eve. At The Red Onion in the center of town, students, bums and beats sang along with dentists from Minneapolis, executives from Chicago and big spenders from Dallas and Houston. And, of course, Kennedys. Around a table near the center of the room sat Attorney General Bobby, Senator Teddy, plus their wives, and Sister Jean Smith.

"Heart of my heart," crooned Massachusetts' junior Senator from the middle of the dance floor, "Alouette," he began, jabbing the air with his forefinger like a President, to get everyone singing in the proper sequence. Someone struck up a limbo, and Teddy craned backward under a broom with the best of them. With or without benefit of Kennedys, it was like that in the bars all over town—conviviality rather than disorder, the young mingling easily with their elders and betters.

By 2 a.m., the bars were closing. The stars dazzled down out of the freezing sky, a few youths weaved along the street, steam rose slowly from the outdoor swimming pools, a tall ski instructor carried a ravishing blonde out of the Molly Gibson, and somebody slipped on the ice amid a roar of laughter.

## FASHION

### Clanship in Clothes

Aspen, of course, was only for the spill-over Kennedys. The real nucleus of the group spent the holidays in Palm Beach, celebrating more than the simple capture of another Senate seat. The New York Couture Group, in final capitulation to the Kennedy way, last week for the second consecutive year listed six clamen—two by birth, four by friendship—among its top twelve Best-Dressed Women of 1962.

Following right along behind No. 1 Jackie and her sister, the Princess, were Close Friends Mrs. Charles Wrightsman (husband: oil millionaire), Mrs. Loel Guinness (husband: international financier), Mrs. Gianni Agnelli (husband: Fiat auto heir), and Mrs. Hervé Alphand (husband: France's Ambassador to the U.S.). All of the six were present at a New Year's



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		<i>Jet</i>	<i>DC-7</i>	<i>Jet</i>	<i>Jet</i>
<i>lv.</i>	NEWARK	8:00a	12:30p	5:20p	5:45p
<i>ar.</i>	CHARLOTTE		3:44p		
<i>ar.</i>	ATLANTA	10:54a	5:28p	7:30p	
<i>ar.</i>	NEW ORLEANS	11:40a*		8:30p	7:45p
<i>ar.</i>	HOUSTON	1:02p*		9:52p	9:07p

\*via Atlanta Jet connection

<i>lv.</i>	<i>IDLEWILD</i>	<i>Jet</i>	<i>Jet</i>	<i>Jet</i>	<i>Jet</i>	<i>Jet</i>
<i>ar.</i>	ATLANTA	8:40a	2:15p	3:15p	9:15p	10:45p
<i>ar.</i>	NEW ORLEANS	10:50a		5:25p	11:30p	
<i>ar.</i>	HOUSTON	11:40a	1:02p	4:45p		12:40a
						2:07a

*Free Helicopter, 1st Class Passengers, Newark-Idlewild*

**FREDERICK GRUIN: UNITED NATIONS** TIME's Diplomatic Correspondent feels a sense of inevitability about the United Nations: if there were no such assembly, somebody would have to create one. "It had to come into being," says Gruin, "and it has come to mean something essential to the human community." He feels the same sense of inevitability about his job of reporting the UN: "Looking back on my experience, I have the notion that it was all preparatory to my being here."

Fred Gruin is very much at home among the diplomats from 108 countries; he has traveled widely and has studied and written about foreign affairs for more than 25 years. He was born within a mile of the UN's Manhattan enclave, was schooled at Columbia (Phi Beta Kappa) and at once started traveling—to Central Europe as a Pulitzer Scholar. As a contributing and associate editor of TIME, he has written more than 25 cover stories, almost all about leaders in international affairs. Among them: General MacArthur, Hirohito, Nehru, Franco, Chiang Kai-shek, General Marshall, Mao Tse-tung, Warren Austin (as U. S. Ambassador to the UN). Between writing assignments, Gruin was TIME's correspondent in Nanking—a job that took him across the length and breadth of China from Manchuria and Outer Mongolia to offshore Formosa—covering the civil war that saw China's mainland lost to the Communists. And as news editor of TIME bureaus in two of the world's most important capitals, London and Washington, he has contributed to hundreds more news reports and cover stories.

Gruin finds his current assignment continually fascinating, because the UN brings together "people of countries in every degree of political evolution...in a medley of clashing national interests—and common concern."

TIME *The Weekly Newsmagazine*



Eve party given by Mrs. Wrightsman in her 40-room Palm Beach winter place. The ladies, who among them spend about a quarter of a million dollars a year getting dressed, looked it.

It was all very swank, even by Kennedy standards, but Signora Agnelli might well have been unawed. Back home in Italy, the Agnelli country house in the Piedmont was built for a king (Sardinia's Victor Amadeus II), and kings still architecturally outdo presidents. Even the summer house on the Côte d'Azur was once the *plaisance* of Belgium's Leopold II, the last of his country's kings who could afford to act like one. The Agnellis, though new to the Kennedy circle, seem dear friends already; it was on their yacht (82 ft.) that Jackie spent many hours of her Italian holiday last August.

## HOBBIES

### What Citizens Have Wrought

The nation's busiest party line is a short-wave voice communications setup called the Citizens Radio Service. It was established by the Federal Communications Commission as a short-distance (150 miles maximum) two-way radio system for people who needed it for business or professional reasons: a doctor keeping in touch with his office from his car, taxicab fleets sending directions to cruising cabs, contractors issuing orders to trucks, farm wives calling to their husbands in distant fields. In a rash moment, the FCC also authorized house-to-automobile communications on a noncommercial, or "Honey, bring home a loaf of bread" basis.

That was in 1958, and all went well for a while. Then, in the past 18 months, citizens discovered the Citizens Band. What they have wrought since then has given the FCC one huge pain in the antenna.

Today there are more than 350,000 licensed CBers, and the applications for licenses are flowing in at the rate of 10,000 a month. Unlike the skilled ham operators, whose higher-powered sets can span oceans and continents, CBers need take no tests or otherwise exhibit a capacity any more technical than the ability to sign their names. What's more, CB radio frequencies are so limited (23 channels, from 26.965 megacycles to 27.255 megacycles) that they must be used on a shared basis, like a telephone party line. Result: in any area where CB is the thing, the air waves are choked up day and night with the chatter of garrulous hobbyists.

**Highway Patrol.** FCC rules prohibit anything but messages of a substantive nature on CB. But that scarcely diminishes the CBers' compulsion to put out CQ ("Anybody listening?") calls, to discuss endlessly the merits of their equipment, to exchange recipes or just to chat.

FCC monitors or ordinary listeners in can tune in on any channel any night of the week and get an earful of such prohibited gab. Many CBers regularly call each other up and conduct two-, four- or six-way conversations, continue them for longer than the five-minute FCC time limit, interspersing their transmissions with



CB DIVER



MOPPET



MOM AT HOME



COURTESY OF MAGAZINE

MAYOR IN THE FIELD  
Fox Charley Charley is watching.

"the 10 code" made popular by TV's Highway Patrolman Broderick Crawford, and usually end up by enraging other CBers who want to get on the air with legitimate and sometimes urgent messages to office, home or delivery truck. One such dialogue took place on Long Island last week. A woman was gabbing with a friend:

*Marcie:* So awright, Sophie, 10-4; I'm in the driveway of the house; I'll go 10-7<sup>8</sup> now, and go in the house and give you a land line [telephone call], 10-4?

*Sophie:* 10-4, Marcie . . . Oh-oh, here's a breaker; come in, breaker, and identify yourself.

*Harry:* The breaker is Harry, Sophie. I jes' tuned ya in. Could this be the Golden Verce of Sout' Levittown?

*Sophie:* At's a big 10-4, Harry. I don't know about golden, but I feel a little sinusy tonignt . . . Wait a minute, Harry, there's another breaker. Come in, breaker.

*Voice:* Lissen, you stupid broad, don't you know it's against the FCC to hog the channel? Why'n you shut up for a while? I'm gonna complain to the FCC about you!

*Sophie:* Lissen, whoever you are, I know the FCC as well as you. First thing you gotta do is identify yourself, which you din't do. Secondly, I'll have you know the FCC can come to my house and examine me any time they so desire. I operate a clean rig, 10-4 . . .

**Rule Tightening.** A clean rig, says the FCC, has a maximum of five watts input, and has an antenna that reaches no higher than 20 ft. above the structure on which it is mounted. Adequate CB equipment, consisting basically of two transceivers (combination transmitter and receiver) and antenna, is marketed by a long list of reputable manufacturers, including Lafayette, Hammarlund, Hallcrafters, RCA and Heath. averages out at a cost of about \$300. A typical, medium-priced transceiver operates on eight crystal-controlled channels providing locked-in transmitting frequencies in much the same manner as pushbuttons work on any radio. In addition, receivers have tuning dials that cover the whole spectrum of the 23 channels, just as an ordinary radio tuning dial covers the commercial broadcasting stations.

But CB has simply got too big for its frequencies. For every license all there are as many as a dozen rigs, all being operated by the owners, or their employees, or their families. CB has become a \$50

million-a-year business for the manufacturers and spawned magazines like *CB Horizons* and *Sg* (ham talk for "loud signal"). Even children yak away on CB for hours. In walkie-talkie form, this is no problem, since these little portable jobs do not carry very far. But come summer, the FCC plans to tighten its rules for owners of the big, multichannel CB rigs. Among proposed changes: cutting the time limit of conversations to three minutes, and restricting communications between different stations to five channels only; the remaining 18 channels would be used exclusively for communications between different units of the same station—from truck to dispatcher, for example, or from car to home. CBers might well take the advice of Mrs. C. J. ("Koot") Easley, SW2052, who wrote in a recent issue of *Sg*:

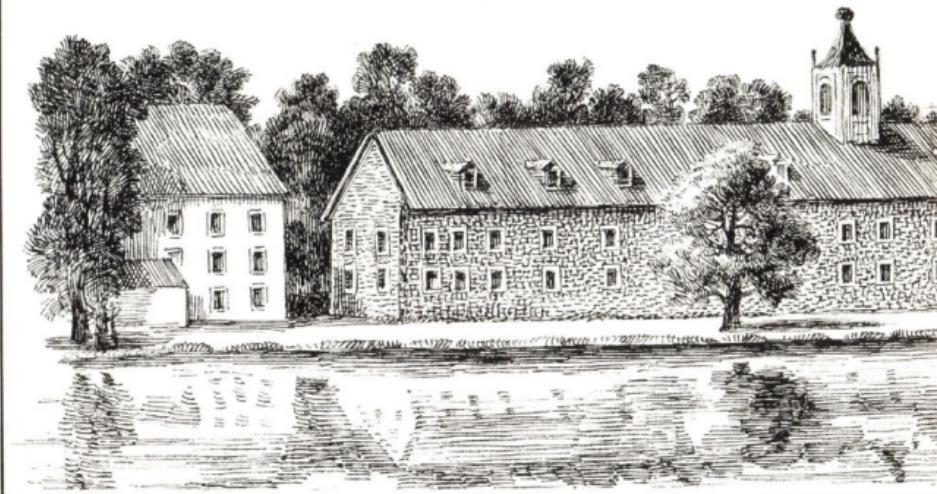
*So use your rig with particular care—  
Or Fox Charley Charley [FCC] may  
soon be here.*

*He's armed with pink tickets and show  
cause why—  
And you better be ready with a quick  
reply.*

*So all you CBers out in CB land  
Make real good use of your CB Band.  
Good luck and best wishes to you, you  
and you,  
It's 10-7 time from SW2052.*

<sup>8</sup> 10-7: leaving the air; 10-4: message received.

# James Madison was President, James Monroe was Secretary and the Constitution was only 25 years old...



## ...it was 1813

and in a small gristmill on Cochicowich Brook in North Andover, Massachusetts, a man named Nathaniel Stevens began to weave woolen broadcloth.

America was young then. There were only 18 states in the Union... only about 7½ million Americans, none of whom lived west of Missouri. The Constitution was only 25 years old.

America was at war. In 1813, the dying captain of the U. S. Chesapeake, James Lawrence, ordered, "Don't give up the ship!" Commodore Perry, victorious on Lake Erie, re-

ported, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours!"

America was blessed with great men. James Madison was President, James Monroe was Secretary of State, and Andrew Jackson was earning his nickname, "Old Hickory."

Nathaniel Stevens may never have realized it, but his nation and his mill had much in common. Both were youthful. Both were struggling for survival. Both were destined for success beyond all expectations.

### People, Plants, Products...

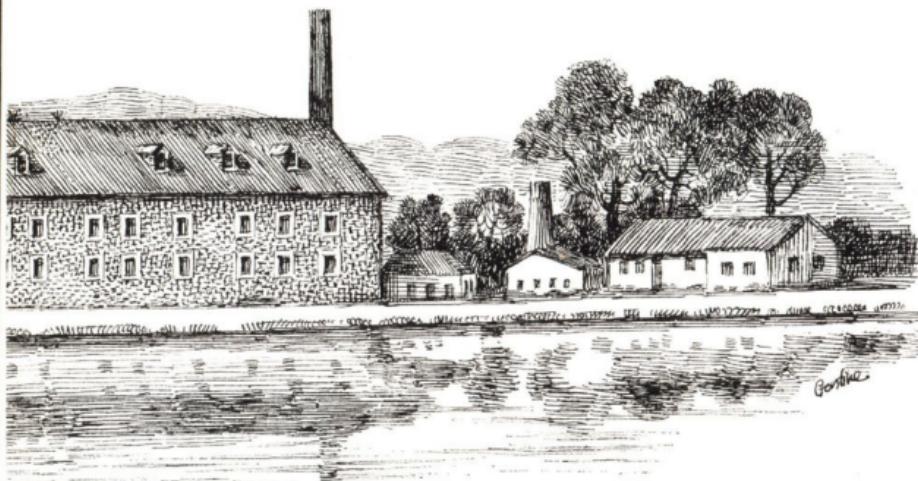
His little mill—direct ancestor of J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc.—has become fifty-five modern plants with

the latest in production equipment, research laboratories and test facilities...a unique demonstration of American free enterprise.

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FINE FABRICS MADE IN AMERICA SINCE 1813

# THE PRESS

## Two Men

The two men are much alike: militarily erect, grey-haired six-footers, quietly groomed. They are also enemies. Since Dec. 8, when nine New York dailies fell silent, the two men have come together many times in many rooms, with nothing in common but an avowed purpose: to get the city's newspapers back into print. In this purpose, both have signally failed. They have nothing to say to each other.



PUBLISHERS' BRADFORD  
Meeting in a common cause.

beyond a few cold, perfunctorily polite words. In their stubborn refusal to start meaningful negotiations, it is almost as if Bertram Anthony Powers, president of New York Local 6 of the International Typographical Union, and Amory Howe Bradford, general manager of the New York Times, were anxious mainly to keep the newspapers off the streets.

**Separate Paths.** Powers, who called the strike, does not trust Bradford. He is not so much printer as union politician, a shrewd and self-made man whose formal education ended with the second year of high school. By 1961, Powers' ambition had carried him all the way to the presidency of Local 6, from which eminence he issued the command that struck nine dailies dumb.

Amory Bradford traveled a vastly different course to his collision with the union leader. A product of the Ivy League—Phillips Academy, Yale '34—Bradford practiced corporation law in Manhattan for nine years before joining the Times as assistant to the publisher in 1947. There he rose steadily through the executive ranks. His position on the Times, plus his law background, made him the Publishers Association's logical choice to confront the printers' truculence.

More than the gulf between these men keeps the papers mute. Pride and prejudice are deeply involved on both sides. The I.T.U. is a proud union, with roots

buried deep in the 18th century, when some New York City compositors agitated for a pay increase to \$1 a day. The I.T.U. printer considers his job a personal possession, like a car or a house—not a work privilege to be conferred and withdrawn by management.

The pride and prejudice of the newspaper publishers prevents them from granting the printers, or other mechanical help, full membership in journalism's family. A printer does not earn pay boosts on merit; his leaders negotiate them. None of the I.T.U.'s 115,000 members get a penny more than the wages set at contract time. The situation tends to dehumanize relations and to develop a common respect for power.

Two years ago, Powers and Bradford locked horns for the first time in what was a minor but prophetic application of force. The Times had fired a printer for cussing his foreman, and an arbitration board upheld his dismissal. But the paper, working toward a new contract with the I.T.U., and aware that the printer's dismissal was an inflammatory side issue, reinstated him anyway.

**Last Resort.** Beyond the irreconcilable differences lie the negotiable issues of money and prerogative. They are not being negotiated. Powers admits that his demands, which amount to \$35 more a week per man, are unrealistic and unattainable, but he shows no spirit of compromise. Instead, in Bradford's company, he insists that the new contract, whenever it is signed, expire on Oct. 31, 1964. The date is meaningful. It would move the printers' contract back to coincide with that of the Newspaper Guild, whose role as standard-bearer for the printing craft unions Bert Powers intends to recoup for the I.T.U. It also falls just before the national elections, an event of such news significance that any strike called on Oct. 31 would turn the city's newspaper publishers into frantic men.

The publishers have offered a settlement that would add \$9.20 per man in benefits and pay during the contract's two-year term—and \$9,000,000 a year to the newspapers' labor costs. The publishers claim that they cannot afford even this sum, that they would have to ask more money from readers or advertisers. Both are dubious sources of extra revenue. New York's afternoon papers already sell for a dime. The four morning papers still sell for a nickel, but the pacesetting New York Times, anxious to keep the Herald Tribune from developing into a healthy competitor, will raise its copy price only as a desperate last resort. As for newspaper ad rates, they are dangerously high, in a period when the newspapers are getting more of a run than ever from magazines, radio and TV.

For these reasons, the publishers are as obdurate as Bert Powers. Said one of them: "We will stand on our offer longer than Powers can stand on his. He has

to yield. He won't get another 15¢ out of us because we don't have it to give." Such strong talk draws from Powers only a cynical smile. "The only thing that counts," said he last week, "is muscle. If disputes were settled by reason or justice, there wouldn't be unions."

By this Powers means that the publishers are unreasonable and unjust men, who must be muscled into playing fair. His attitude may have been accurate half a century ago, when labor clawed its way to strength against management so unenlightened that 50 printers commonly stood all day outside a newspaper plant on the chance that one of them might be called in for an hour's work.

**The Wounds.** Sooner or later, New York's strike will end. Strong pressures mount each week to end it. The unions' war chests are depleting; within four weeks, the printers will be forced to tap the national membership at large for contributions right off the top of their pay. Other idled unions are growing restive, especially the pressmen and the drivers; both had all but agreed to accept the \$9.20 package when Powers abruptly led his men off the job.

That strike has already made many wounds. Nearly 20,000 men are out of work; 5,700,000 readers are without their papers; 350 blind news vendors have shuttered their stands; the city's economic pulse has measurably slowed. But these wounds are superficial, and will eventually heal. The strike cuts far deeper, by raising questions that will nag at the consciences of those directly involved long after the publishers and the printers have come to terms.

**Blindness.** The publishers presented their case poorly, by withholding much of the concrete evidence that would ex-



PRINTERS' POWERS (LEFT) PICKETING  
But with nothing to say.



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Poaching led to a natural pair.



GRAHAM

HENRY GRUEN



plain their reluctance to accept the printers' package, and by revealing at the negotiation table a stubbornness to match the printers' intransigence. Nor have the newspapers exhibited much will to meet their keystone responsibility to stay in print somehow—even by makeshift—which is just what Portland's two daily newspapers did three years ago, during a mass walkout that is still in effect. For his part, Bert Powers could have kept his men working at their jobs while he bargained with men whom only his own blindness prevents him from recognizing as reasonable.

### The Joust

Neither man admits to any desire to become a press lord, but Washington Post Publisher Philip L. Graham and Chicago Sun-Times Publisher Marshall Field are locked in an expanding scrap for the next spot in U.S. journalism's *Almanack de Gothet*.

In this curious journalistic joust for a prize that both men publicly disavow, Graham has already shown a lordly appetite for possessions. Beginning with the Post, which his father-in-law left him, he has latched onto a newsmagazine and two broadcasting stations. In company with the Los Angeles Times, he pasted together a news syndicate (TIME, July 13) with the second biggest news bureau in Washington (after the New York Times) and an impressive spread of foreign correspondents. On the private preserve of John Hay Whitney, publisher of the New York Herald Tribune, he went poaching for big game and bagged two handsome specimens: Pundits Walter Lippmann, now under contract, and Joseph Alsop, who will sign up later this year. Adding insult to injury, Graham then suggested that Whitney melt the Trib's 14-man Washington bureau into Graham's huge squad of newsmen. That proved to be a serious mistake.

**King-Size Kit Bag.** Graham not only overestimated Jock Whitney's tolerance but underestimated, or overlooked, that

unassuming man in Chicago, Marshall Field. By nature cautious, Field has been moving slowly since his father's retirement in 1930 turned him into a reluctant newspaper publisher. But he has been moving steadily. Under his command, the Sun-Times shifted from red ink to black. In 1959 he bought another Chicago paper, the Daily News. Field also owns *World Book Encyclopedia*, which outsells even the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

Even as Phil Graham was putting together his new syndicate, Marshall Field organized an even bigger one. Last fall he bought out Chicago's Publishers Syndicate, a kit bag of comic strips, features, medical advice, the Gallup poll and assorted odds and ends, with an extensive clientele of 1,786 daily and weekly newspapers. Combined with Field's own Sun-Times-Daily News syndicate, which peddles to 73 papers such wares as Ann Landers, Cartoonist Bill Mauldin, Steve Canyon, and the dispatches of the News's foreign correspondents, the new syndicate made Graham's Post-Times syndication of 35 papers look puny.

**Ace up Sleeve.** And Field had yet another ace up his sleeve: Jock Whitney. For more than a year, Field had argued that two such ardent Republicans as he and the Herald Tribune's boss were a natural pair, one that certainly made more sense than Graham's oil-and-water mixture of Norman and Otis Chandler's conservative Los Angeles Times and the liberal Washington Post. Whitney finally agreed to tie the Herald Tribune's small though distinguished syndicate (54 papers) to Marshall Field's big one—a union that, once consummated, will put Field very much ahead.

With this success under his belt, modest Marshall Field, 46, could not resist a modest huzzah. He wished the Chandler-Graham axis all the best, he said. But then he added, with the confidence of a gentle man who has sensed the exhilarating aroma of power: "I would hope that at some future time they would team up with us."

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# MEDICINE

## NEUROLOGY

### Can Man Learn to Use The Other Half of His Brain?

"I have taken all knowledge to be my province," wrote Francis Bacon. And in 1592, when most of today's complex sciences had not even been conceived, he was neither idly boasting nor wildly exaggerating. But among the many things that Bacon did not know was that despite his encyclopedic knowledge and the amazing breadth and power of his intellect, he was using little more than half his brain. Not until one short century ago did neurologists learn that one half of the brain—nearly always the left, especially in right-handed people—controls the movements of the opposite side of the body and the all-important human attribute of language and its associated skills.

Two tantalizing questions are now bugging medical science: Can man learn to take more knowledge for his province by putting more of his brain to active use? What parts of the brain are responsible for controlling various movements, functions and faculties, from aimless thumb-twiddling to Boolean algebra? To the first question, there is still no answer. And neurologists have not yet agreed on a detailed mapping of brain areas and brain functions.

**Old Bark & New.** What is generally agreed is that the most primitive emotions and reactions, such as hunger and sex drives, are experienced in the hypothalamus (*see diagram*). In general, the higher the functions, the higher their seats in the brain—rising through the thalamus and their branches, and the basal ganglia, to the paleocortex ("old bark"), which man shares with the higher animals.

But man's brain differs from the animals' in having a huge neocortex, a thick new bark containing billions of nerve cells. Each half of the cortex is divided into four main lobes: frontal (behind the forehead), temporal (inside the temple), parietal (under the crown), and occipital (at the back of the head). Animals do not speak, write, or think abstractly, and presumably both halves of their brains are equally active. At birth, the human brain is little different from an animal's. A newborn infant who has suffered severe damage to the left side of the brain may have almost half of his brain removed and grow up intellectually normal: the right hemisphere learns to do most of the things that a whole brain can do.

In the normally developing right-handed child, the left hemisphere becomes dominant. As he learns to understand words and to talk, it contains his most specialized language center. This is nearly always true even in a left-handed child. And in the 85% of people who develop right-handedness, the left hemisphere controls the most essentially human of physical movements—writing and using tools.

While mapping with the help of electronic stimulation has pinpointed some parts of the brain primarily responsible for controlling individual parts of the body as small as the tongue, fingers, or even eyelids, there is evidence of much overlap and feedback. Speech obviously demands control of movements of different parts of the mouth—but not until after the speaker has decided what words he wants to say. So both motor control and intellectual processes are involved.

**A Million Strokes.** If medical scientists had to rely on the study of healthy people to find out how the brain works, they

would know even less about it than they do. But an accident in a brain artery is one of the most dramatic and disabling illnesses that can befall a man. And in the U.S., it is one of the most common. Each year, a million or more Americans suffer strokes and other forms of brain damage, with 200,000 deaths resulting. From the study and treatment of stroke victims, researchers are learning the implications of using half a brain, and what can be done when that half is damaged.

What happens in a stroke (which doctors call a cerebrovascular accident or CVA) seems superficially simple: a shutdown of any kind in one of the arteries in the neck or head cuts off the essential supply of blood and oxygen to part of the brain, which then "dies." For unlike cells in flesh, or even in bone, which go on multiplying until near the end of life, brain cells have virtually no power to reproduce themselves. Medicine can only rely on whatever self-healing capacity the damaged brain area has—or find some way to stimulate another part of the brain to take over the functions of the damaged part.

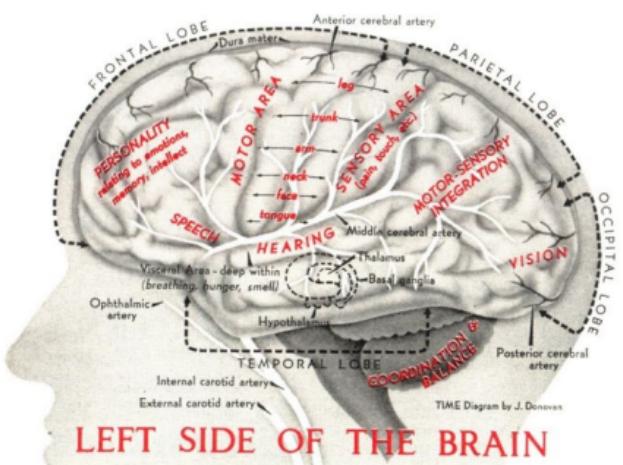
The carotid arteries that channel blood through the neck to the brain are almost as subject to atherosclerotic disease with advancing age as are the coronaries. They may simply be narrowed, so that less blood gets through. They may be almost closed by a fatty plaque, so that a clot forms there and clogs an artery. About 85% of strokes are caused by arterial shutdowns: about 10% by hemorrhage (bleeding through a burst blood vessel in the brain, usually in victims of high blood pressure), and 5% by traveling clots in the bloodstream.

In a typical case, a man in his 50s awakes one morning to find that he cannot move his right side. He is not in pain. He has had no warning. When the average man tries to tell his wife about his difficulty in moving, he finds that he cannot talk, or can only mumble slurred syllables that make no sense. At this point, he feels a panic of anxiety—which may be as big a problem to him and his doctors in the months to come as the physical damage wrought by the stroke.

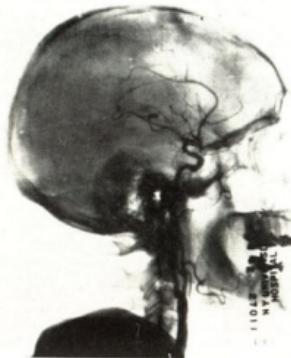
**Forgotten Fall?** There is little that doctors can do immediately, beyond getting the patient and his family quieted down, and keeping his room full of fresh air. The patient should have his skull X-rayed to be sure that he has not fractured it in a forgotten fall. And he should have a spinal tap to detect infection or bleeding into the spinal fluid.

In some cases, the next thing to do is inject radiopaque dye into the patient's arm or neck arteries and take an arteriogram, a rapid-fire series of X rays. (Two per second is the standard speed; six per second is now possible, and 60 per second may be soon.) These may show precisely where the clot has done its damage; they can give general guidance to the doctors and therapists who will have to work with the patient later.

A right-handed man with a left-hemisphere stroke is so frustrated by physical



## LEFT SIDE OF THE BRAIN



**Normal Arteriogram** shows a dye injected in left side of patient's neck circulating freely through the brain.

helplessness and speechlessness that he has a powerful motive to do the repetitive exercises that will help him to recover. The older the patient, usually, the less powerful this motive. How much of his improvement over a period of months is due to a partial resumption of function by damaged but not quite dead brain cells, and how much is due to other parts of the brain taking over the lost functions, is not known. The number of detailed differences between individual cases is so nearly infinite, says New York University's Professor Clark Randt, that medical science is turning to computers for the answers. But so far it does not have enough data to feed into the machines.

**Like a Pricked Bubble.** Even among victims of strokes on the dominant side of the brain, says Psychologist Leonard Diller of New York's Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, there are two drastically different effects, depending on the severity of the brain damage. "One type," he says, "is like a pricked bubble—after you've pricked it, the bubble isn't there any more. The personality seems to have vanished. The second seems unchanged in basic type, but less efficient."

Behavior changes are often paradoxical. Many patients with one-side paralysis tend to cry. Dr. Diller asks, "Are you sad?" and is told, "Yes, I'm sad because I can't stop crying." The doctor goes on: "Are you crying because you're sad?" The patient replies: "No, I'm not sad." Dr. Diller tells such a patient that when he feels a crying spell coming on, he should grip his wheelchair tightly with his good hand. By some unexplained crossover within the brain, the motor activity of the muscles is often a satisfactory substitute for crying.

These crossovers and feedbacks between physical movements and processes that appear to be purely mental are as subtle as they are mysterious. At the Philadelphia Rehabilitation Center, Therapist Glenn J. Doman treats partly paralyzed

patients by training them to "capture" reflex movements by a conscious effort. An obvious one is the knee jerk. The therapist provokes this by hitting the knee with a little rubber mallet. The nerve impulses involved travel only as far as the spinal cord, and the patient cannot make the movement of his own volition. But after willing himself to do it often enough, the patient contributes some movement of his own. The clincher comes when the therapist swings the hammer and does not hit the right spot, but the knee jerks anyway. Somehow, nerve-muscle control has been extended from the spinal cord to the brain itself.

The type and severity of paralysis vary with the location of the clot which has caused the stroke. If it is in the anterior cerebral artery, the leg on the opposite side will be more severely affected. But most strokes affect the middle cerebral artery, so the arm is more handicapped than the leg. This is why 90% of stroke victims learn to walk again, while only 10% to 20% regain full use of the right arm—though almost 50% of those under 45, even with severe impairment, could probably do so with proper training.

**Blunted Senses.** The power of speech, and the ability to write and walk, are measurable. Far more elusive, says Dr. Diller, are the variations in loss of memory. Usually, it is knowledge of recent and current events that seems to vanish. But it may be the memory of colors, or dates, or shapes, or perhaps most significant, of emotionally important events. Even the senses present puzzling problems. Vision may become poorer, but so subtly that the beset patient does not recognize his difficulty. Or he may be depressed by a general decline in his responsiveness to sensory stimuli, or by a partial failure of his mental computer to pull together the stimuli received through different senses.

A stroke on the nondominant side of the brain may produce effects even more baffling and variegated than damage on the brain's dominant side. If, as is usually the case, it happens on the right side of the brain in a right-handed patient, his language skills are unimpaired. He can still write; he can reset his wrist watch. After a mild right-side stroke, the patient may have no paralysis, but only what neurologists call "silent impairment"—a vague depression, believed to result from a blunting of sensory awareness, and in judgment of spatial relations. He does not become overanxious. But he is likely to complain endlessly about his food or the hospital routine. And the dulling of his sensitivity may make him careless of toilet habits. Worst of all, this patient, with supposedly less crippling damage, lacks the strong motive to retrain himself that speechlessness provides.

Only the most severely paralyzing strokes have a physical effect on the patient's sexual powers. But a simple stroke of moderate severity on either side of the brain is almost certain to exert indirect effects. Desire is likely to be reduced because the patient is depressed. This and



**Stroke Arteriogram** of the same patient's right side shows shutdown in carotid artery, cutting brain's flow.

other emotional disturbances can drastically reduce sexual competence even when there is no obvious physical impairment. And since intercourse causes a dramatic rise in blood pressure, it carries the risk of provoking hemorrhagic strokes in weakened arteries, especially if blood pressure is already high.

**In the Neck.** After a brain artery shutdown, neurologists and neurosurgeons can do little but provide guide lines for rehab specialists. Prevention of strokes is still a vision of the future. But any measures that slow down atherosclerosis will prevent almost as many strokes as coronary attacks. Meanwhile, neurologists are working with surgeons to see what can be done about narrowed arteries in the neck, where the surgeon can get at them. From 5% to 20% of strokes (doctors differ widely about the proportion) occur not in the brain but in the carotid arteries in the neck. Houston's Dr. Michael E. DeBakey has pioneered with a series of operations to restore full blood flow through a narrowed carotid—by installing a bypass, or cutting out the narrowed stretch, or putting in a patch graft to widen the artery. But evaluation of stroke victims' recovery is so difficult that no fewer than 22 medical centers are now doing DeBakey operations and comparing the results with the fate of unoperated patients. It will be a few years before medicine has a collective verdict.

An ingenious gadget, forbiddingly named the ophthalmodynamometer, has recently been devised to help in diagnosis. If blood flow through the internal ophthalmic artery is cut off, the eye on that side loses its vision. The doctor presses against the eyeball with the ophthalmodynamometer until the patient reports that he cannot see out of that eye. The instrument registers the pressure at which vision was cut off. This in turn indicates the pressure in the internal carotid artery and shows whether that vessel is dangerously



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narrowed. If it is, a DeBakey operation may prove to be the answer.

Among the oddest of many unexplained effects of strokes is that a patient's perception of the vertical is tilted. But whether it is tilted to right or left depends on which side of his brain has been injured. With paralysis on the left side, a right-handed man sees a bar of light as vertical when its top is actually tilted to the left—about 40°. Paralysis on the right side tilts the apparent vertical to the right, but only about half as far.

**Total Organization.** From their work with children, neurologists are confident that establishment of dominance by one of the brain's hemispheres is desirable and even necessary. A truly ambidextrous child is likely to have early difficulties with speech and other intellectual functions. From their work with stroke victims, most of them elderly, the neurologists are equally convinced that too much hemisphere dominance is bad. As yet, they have no idea how to strike a better balance. Researchers working with children at the Philadelphia Rehabilitation Center have labeled their system "neurological organization." The child is given every chance and encouragement to do himself the simple things for which his damaged brain gives him the necessary control. Beyond that, he is helped to do things that are one stage too difficult for him to do alone. By the mysteries of feedback, repeated physical movements made with the therapist's help enable the brain to develop control so that the child can make the movements unaided.

It is still a question how far such principles can be extended to young, normal brains. Educators following the doctrine of Italian Physician Maria Montessori hold that children can do higher mathematics by the age of eight if they are encouraged to work to the limits of what they believe their own capacities to be.

"Men fear thought," says Bertrand Russell, "as they fear nothing else on earth—more than ruin, more even than death." But in every age since the pyramid builders', there have been a few exceptional men who would willingly risk death for the enjoyment of thinking. Whether Socrates had as high an I.Q. as Shakespeare or Descartes, Schweitzer or Einstein, will never be known. What is certain is that all such men used their brains as energetically as they knew how. Today, man may have no greater brain capacity than the ancients, but he has revolutionary ideas about how to exploit it.

From all-out education, it is but a step to "complete neurological organization," in which the individual will be guided to exploit the potentials of both his brain hemispheres, instead of leaving one of them largely dormant. This is the aim of neurologists, educators and other researchers, who are now organizing a group of Institutes for the Achievement of Human Potential. If they succeed, they will produce the Bacons of the 20th century—equally at home in computer theory and the kitchen garden, in the nucleus of the atom and all recorded literature.

NEW CONCEPTS...in concrete



Model of The Washington Hilton, Washington, D. C.

Completion is scheduled for early 1964.

Owner: Hilton-Uris, Inc. Architect:  
William B. Tabler, F.A.I.A., New York

## Y-Shaped Hotel... Washington, D. C.

With its unique Y-shape, this hotel will have the look and lure of a vacation resort—yet stay within Washington's 90-foot height restriction and tight site limitations. Above ground will be well over twelve hundred spacious rooms. Below ground, a huge, column-free ballroom and two parking levels. And there'll still be room for lush landscaping, a pool, tennis courts and cabanas.

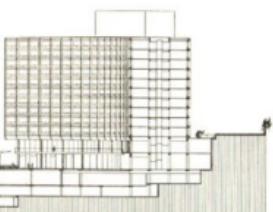
To give substance to this new concept, *concrete* was the logical choice. Concrete can follow the architect's mind—and pencil—around those long, fluid curves. Concrete can be an airy crisscross of windows. Or, it can be graceful seamless planes.

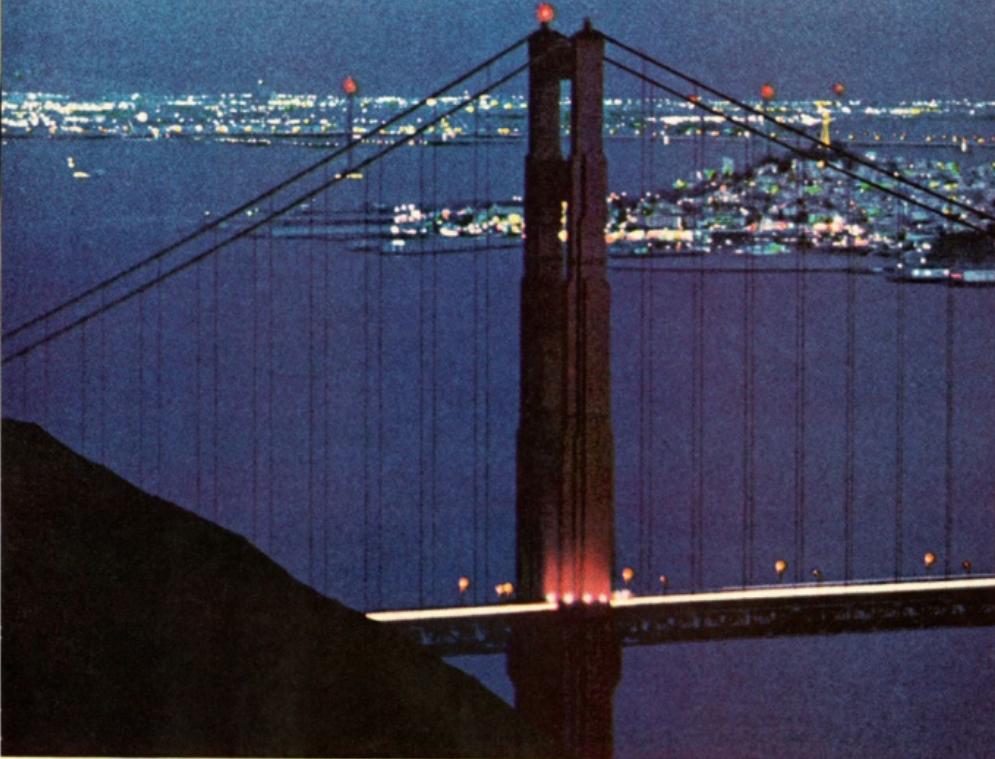
Yet the same concrete can shoulder ton upon ton of crushing weight. It can't corrode. Fire starves on it. And, of course, concrete doesn't suffer from exposure; it gains strength as it ages.

As a major producer of cement, the basic ingredient of concrete, Lehigh Portland Cement Company contributes to new concepts in concrete for all Americans. Lehigh Portland Cement Company, Allentown, Pa.

The plants of the Lehigh Portland Cement Company, located in eleven states, produce cements for construction uses as diverse as a glamorous hotel and a poultry house.

# LEHIGH CEMENTS





## What to see and do when you're in San Francisco

A) ALCATRAZ ISLAND. Home-away-from-home for America's extra-bad badmen.

B) BARRABY COAST. Once a wanton world of shanghaied sailors. Today there's a spot that celebrates New Year's Eve every night; another where the girls really swing—from red velvet swings!

C) CHINATOWN. Largest outside the Orient. Look for spice-scented bazaars and 62 Chinese restaurants.

CABLE CAR TURNTABLE. S.F.'s beloved Toonerville Trolley, 15¢ buys you a roller coaster of a ride: two soaring hills, three swooping dales, countless hold-your-hat corners!

D) DOLORES MISSION. One of the Spanish padres' brave outposts—built of adobe, hand-hewn timbers and faith.

E) JEMBARADERO. For romantics: the wharves where ships sail off to lands a world away—

and the last of the square-rigged clippers rests.

F) FISHERMAN'S WHARF. Seafood restaurants, with a fleet of fishing boats chugging right past your table.

G) GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE. For almost a mile, it soars above the surf at America's gateway to the Pacific.

H) HILLS. 42 in all! There's Telegraph Hill—sentinel above the sea. Twin Peaks—the city's highest spot, and Nob Hill—where gold barons out-mansioned each other.

I) ITALIAN DISTRICT. S.F.'s not-so-Little Italy. Sip cappuccino (Italy's coffee-with-a-kick), sing along with an operatic waiter.

J) JAPANESE TEA GARDEN. Clouds of cherry blossoms, bridges arching high above the tiniest of streams. And for 25¢, kimono-clad girls serve jasmine tea, fortune cookies.

K) KEZAR STADIUM. Like rugged action? You'll strike it rich with the 49'ers—San Francisco's pro football team.

L) LOMBARD STREET. America's most slithering street. One block long . . . with eight cork-screw curves!

M) MAIDEN LANE. Once the "maidens" who lived here were anything but. Swank little shops today—including a spiral showcase by Frank Lloyd Wright.

N) NIGHT CLUBS. High life, low life—take your pick. Show biz greats—plus far-out jazz, folk singers and flamenco.

O) OCEAN BEACH. Five-mile sweep of shore. Scary surf, fine fishing, acres of unpopulated sand for sunbathing.

P) PARK, GOLDEN GATE. Art galleries, fern forests, eleven lakes—and flowers, flowers,



## ...the enchanted city with everything from A to Z:

flowers. Plus a sure-fire sight for small fry: a herd of grazing buffalo!

Q) QUARTER, LATIN. Once the home of bad verse and beatniks, today it's a world of espresso bars, silver and sandal shops. Open-air fairs, too, with sidewalk Michelangeli and dancing in the streets.

R) RESTAURANTS. You eat your way around the world right here. Go gourmet in French, Italian, Middle Eastern, Japanese, Polynesian. Even the prices are mouth-watering!

S) SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS. N.Y.'s loss, S.F.'s gain. Yours too, if you love big league ball.

T) TOP-OF-THE-WORLD LOUNGES. High atop several hotels you'll find world-famous bars, with Cineramic views in all directions. Intoxicating, even if you never touch a drop.

U) UNION SQUARE. Four sides of entrancing shops and a middle of foliage, fashion shows,

and concerts. Below: the biggest garage under the earth.

V) VISTA POINT. Cross the Golden Gate—look west to the Pacific, east to glistening bays, north to velvet hills, south to the shimmering city. *This* is the sight to savor.

W) WORLD TRADE CENTER. World-wide window shopping—under one roof. You'll find transistors from Japan, pearls from Polynesia—even a Rolls Royce or two!

X) XENOPHILES, or people who love strangers. You'll find them everywhere in San Francisco.

Y) YACHT HARBOR. Where San Franciscans go down to the sea in ships. Acres of lawn—so bring a picnic, walk the dog, go fly a kite!

Z) ZOO. Everything from anteaters to zebras—with a private island for monkeys, a block-long elephant train, a gigantic bird cage complete with running brook, living teddy bears.

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**SAN FRANCISCO**  
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**JOHN BEAL: OTTAWA** Careful observation of the Canadian Parliament leads John Beal to conclude that "M.P.'s behave exactly like Congressmen. But the rules," he adds, "are a little different. It's like Canadian pro football—with only three tries at a first down, the action is even faster."

Beal should know. He covered "the action" in Washington for nearly 25 years, eight of them for the United Press, one for *Newsweek*, and almost 16 for *TIME*. Earlier journalistic credits include two dailies—the Elyria (Ohio) *Chronicle-Telegram* (just after his graduation from Ohio Wesleyan in 1926) and the Paterson (New Jersey) *Press-Guardian*.

Joining *TIME*'s Washington bureau in 1944, Beal covered first "the Hill," next the White House, and then for about ten years the State Department. "One of my first suggestions from Foggy Bottom," Beal recalls, "was a cover story on John Foster Dulles. It turned out to be the first of three we did on him in four years." It also turned Beal to writing a full-length biography of Dulles, published in 1957.

Four years later, again based on his research and reporting for a *TIME* cover subject—but a completely different one, came a second book, *The Secret Speech*. In this satire the pseudo-hero, Dmitri Pushkov, denounces the mistakes and crimes of Khrushchev, much as Khrushchev himself had exposed those of Stalin. "What I tried to do," says Beal, "was fight the all too popular myth of Soviet infallibility."

Early in 1961 Beal took over as *TIME*'s bureau chief in Ottawa. "Well before my first year was up," he reports, "I had visited eight of Canada's ten provinces, plus the Yukon and Northwest Territories. I also accompanied Prime Minister Diefenbaker on the first trip of any Canadian head of government above the Arctic Circle. Officially this far north country is called the 'land of vision.' It's a description," Beal says, "which fits most of Canada."

**TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine**



# MUSIC

## JAZZ

### Pretension's Perils

Ever since Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, the Lewis and Clark of modern jazz, returned from their first explorations on Manhattan's 52nd Street, other musicians have been following the masters' trails. Their search is more for small refinements than grand departures, and cults of *aficionados* armed with phonograph records travel in their wake. Thelonious Monk's cult, whispering of Webern, insists that the silences in his music are even more profound than the sounds. Miles Davis' cult, transfixed by his trumpet, says nothing, preferring to express its worship in utter silence. But the cult-



LAWRENCE R. SHUSTAK

JAZZ MAESTRO LEWIS  
A taste for tie and tails.

ists that follow John Lewis and his Modern Jazz Quartet see themselves as the True Believers.

**Milky & Timid.** They were there in force when Lewis turned up in white tie and tails at Manhattan's Philharmonic Hall to introduce his "Orchestra U.S.A." a 28-man ensemble complete with strings and reeds. In a foggy program note, Lewis announced he was there to "develop most of the potentials" of jazz, using "an instrumentation which is totally representative of the masterpieces of the instrumental families given to us from past times." As things worked out, this simply meant, "Add violins."

The orchestra sawed through three Lewis compositions and one by J. J. Johnson, producing milky overstatements of nice little ideas. Solos by Saxophonist Phil Woods and Vibraphonist Milt Jackson nimblly demonstrated that what would have been fragile, intricate music for a quartet had been made fragmentary, timid music for an orchestra. In his scoring, Lewis seemed barely able to tell his strings from his brass: the violins and cellos were misused in pursuit of inconsequential filigree, while the basses took long and vapid solo runs. Lewis had gone

perilously far in the quest to make jazz more respectable without making it more substantive.

**Mannered Genius.** But the error had been pressed upon him. Convinced that Lewis is Vivaldi's nephew, his cult has urged him into thinner and thinner air since he appeared with his three fellow ascetics in the first Modern Jazz Quartet performances ten years ago. In pursuit of something that sounded agreeably like jazz from the 16th century, Lewis soon became one of the half-dozen important jazz composers, writing such a mannered form of music that his compositions set a whole new tone.

But his cult was busy making a mystique of him, and he shunned nightclubs in favor of concert halls, brooded in Europe, and began to bless his four-part tunes with such titles as *In a Crowd*; *Vaderia*; *Wintertale*, a trip of the tongue that describes only sketchy excerpts from a film score. Whatever he touched turned out so well that he soon found himself a prisoner of his own achievements. "I hate to sound immodest," he said, "but the quartet has reached a standard so high that I don't see what anyone else can do with small-ensemble jazz."

Lewis' new interest is only in the greater variety of sounds and colors he can achieve with an orchestra; he has no intention of making jazz truly symphonic. "The quartet is like black and white," he says; "the orchestra is all the colors. I want this orchestra to be a proof to the world that there are other things in this country—things you can't touch, feel or spend." The only fault in such high ambitions lies in the notion that to make something bigger or broader is always to make it better.

### Modesty's Rewards

No cult follows Tommy Flanagan. In almost perfect secret, he has played with all the jazz giants for a half-dozen years, cheerfully accepting their styles, ingeniously enriching them with his own. But with his name still an italic footnote to somebody else's accomplishment, he has developed into one of the best jazz pianists now playing.

The secret to Flanagan's successful obscurity is an immense modesty that makes him the most retiring man since Lil' Abner. "I play the way I do," he says quietly, "by listening to other pianists. I suppose I'm playing differently now than I did a few years ago—but that's just because I don't practice as much as I used to." Such fondness for the shadows makes him the perfect sideman; last year he made 25 jazz albums, none of which listed him as leader. Among new recordings, three of the best have one thing in common: Flanagan's uplifting presence. On Moodsville's *Make Someone Happy*, he is the artful tailor who sews up the holes in Coleman Hawkins' aged zoot suit; on Columbia's *Jazz*, he makes lyric corsages and pins them all on Gerry Mulligan; and on Riverside's new adventure with the



BILLY JONES

JAZZ PIANIST FLANAGAN  
A fondness for shadows.

Milt Jackson sextet, Flanagan's piano is the voice of reassurance.

**Father Flanagan.** But Flanagan is often heard playing well beyond the range of the virtuosos he accompanies. His touch is perhaps the most melodic in jazz, and in improvisation a beguilingly simple rhythmic sense keeps his left hand engaged with the housework while his right hand goes downtown. In recording studios, where he is fondly known as "Father Flanagan," engineers preen on his performances because his easy handling of the piano avoids the percussive exaggerations that mar most jazz piano recordings.

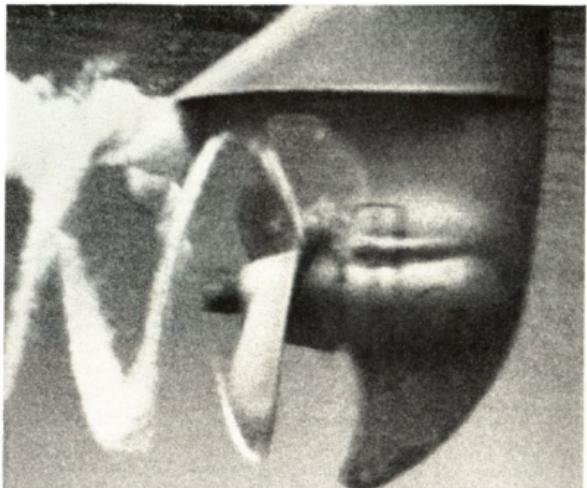
Flanagan, at 32, has been earning his living as a musician for 17 years. He grew up in jazz in Detroit with Milt Jackson, Billy Mitchell, Kenny Burrell and the Jones brothers. And he still prefers playing with his old townsmen, who now form something like a private labor union inside modern jazz. Hank Jones remains his idea of a really good pianist, and for the trio he hopes to form eventually, he would like Hank's brother Elvin on drums and Detroit's Major Holley on bass.

**Take Time.** He lives quietly in Manhattan and arranges his appearances strictly within the limits of his wish to stay in the city. Behind his Tartar mustache, he builds resolutions to work harder that he rarely keeps, then goes out to play the piano so well that almost no one else around can touch him. "Some day," he says, mustering up another resolution, "I'd like to do a little writing—I think I could, maybe. And I'd like to play well enough to do a single like Art Tatum. I'm just going to take the time and do that."

## BALLET

### Time to Start Pushing

The dancers had rehearsed for months. On the eve of their première performance, they worked nearly twelve hours, dancing on into the night. In the basement of their three-story studio, a tailor and six seamstresses attacked a stack of white tutus: the ballerinas had danced so



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WALTER BENNETT

hard for so long that their costumes no longer fitted them. Then the lights went down in George Washington University's Lisner Auditorium, and Washington got its first glimpse last week of the National Ballet Company—the city's first professional resident troupe.

The young dancers looked their eager best in *Hommage au Ballet*, choreographed by the company's director, former Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo *Premier Danseur* Frederic Franklin. In their première of *Early Voyagers*, a new work by Valerie Bettis (*A Streetcar Named Desire*), the dancers deserved more praise than the ballet, and a packed house rewarded them with 13 curtain calls.

It was clear that the dancers were ready for Washington, but was Washington ready for the dancers? The city already had an amateur company,<sup>6</sup> and the issue of whether professionals were needed or wanted had boiled for months in the Washington Ballet Guild. Finally, Franklin and Guild Founder Mrs. Richard J. Riddell withdrew from the Guild to start their own group in July 1961. Encouraged by the support of Dance Master George Balanchine (who charged Franklin with carrying on in Washington "what I started in New York") and Mrs. Riddell's money (she blessed the first season with nearly all of its \$105,000 budget), Franklin opened a ballet school last summer and began casting for his company.

After only six months, the school had 250 students and the company had 25 dancers. "The enthusiasm ran so high at first that after three weeks, everyone felt exhausted," Franklin says. "Now we're at full pitch, and we plan to develop our own ballerinas and soloists from within our group. First, we must build a repertoire; then we will build our season. At the same time, we must build our audiences."

"It's high time for ballet in Washington," Franklin says. "We're going to become a truly resident ballet by taking a part in civic affairs. It's an uphill fight in a town that has not been exposed to much ballet, but we'll just have to push the citizens along a little. Why not? I think they're ready to be pushed."

<sup>6</sup> Washington is also headquarters now for the American Ballet Theater, mainly a touring company.



## COUNTDOWN ON MAIN STREET

A doctor's early morning call has little in common with the excitement of a space vehicle launching, yet the very research that helps put a man into space can help a doctor help you.

A chemical developed for rocket fuels led to a drug for tuberculosis. A smaller, more efficient, electrocardiograph originated with space research. An electronic computer can help a doctor make a quicker diagnosis. A filter developed for a missile guidance system eliminates static in medical equipment used for brain-wave diagnosis.

Yet, important as they are, these scientific achievements are only early benefits from America's space program—the most demanding challenge ever faced by the combined forces of government, science, and industry in peace time.

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For from that reaching will come the knowledge that can better the lives of all.

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# THE THEATER

## Oliver Twisted

**Oliver!** Lionel Bart, 31, is not too proud to help Charles Dickens, Immortal. In "freely adapting" *Oliver Twist*, Britisher Bart, who wrote book, music and lyrics, has blue-pencilled out the socially-conscious harshness of Dickens, and mauve-pencilled in the timeless hokum of Showland.

Dickens takes the count after approximately two minutes and 35 seconds of the first act. As the curtain goes up on Sean Kenny's somber hewn-wood set, a dozen or so boys are released from their kennel-like pen. They slink up to their empty gruel bowls like wan, spiritless animals. For a long instant, a pang of pathos hangs upon the air. Then the game little troupers raise their obviously steak-fed voices and wham a sappy-happy song, *Food, Glorious Food*, right up into the dingy rafters.

After this, the audience knows that nothing painful, nothing honest, nothing real will be inflicted upon it. In *Oliver* twisted, the Thieves' Kitchen becomes an urban Sherwood Forest, with Robin Hood Fagin teaching his pickpocketeers to rob from the rich and give to the deserving poor—theirselfes. The grim workhouses, stews and drinking dens of London become playgrounds for boys with a taste for adventure. The biggest laugh of the evening comes when Fagin paternally growls at his charges, "Shut up and drink ye gin."

With one eye on *The Beggar's Opera*, Bart has contrived a sort of lovable rogues' operetta. *Oliver!* is chockablock with songs that are as straightforward, single-minded and rhythmic as a choo-choo train, and they do keep the show steaming briskly and more or less merrily along. Five months on the road have given the company the treacherous confidence, on reaching Broadway, to overplay characters that were already over-

written to the point of caricature. The cast also knows where all the laughs are buried, and it squirms them out with stagy anticipatory glee. Bruce Prochnik's Oliver is singularly unaffected, but Clive Revill's Fagin glints with eccentricity. This Fagin is not very Jewish (he has been viewed without alarm by representatives of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith), but he is a strangely epicene miser whose furtive batlike swoopings on his treasure box and triple-tempo fingerings of his baubles provide comic delight.

Considering the vulgar travesty it is, *Oliver!* is not as bad a show as it ought to be. The archetypal force of the Dickens story still faintly magnetizes the stage. Fagin is a kind of storybook witch, but the power of witches exists to be broken. Oliver is destined for storybook transformation—the ill-born pauper turned well-born prince, the maltreated underling who bests his oppressors, the orphan boy who finds a father and a home. Every boy who ever had a nightmare or a dream, every adult who ever yearned for renewal or rebirth, feels the pull of Dickens' fable.

Whatever the cause, *Oliver!* promises to be one of those theatrical promenades that defy good taste and the saws of critics with equal impunity. Apart from being a cross-country box-office sellout, it is already accentuating a curious trend in haircuts. Hip barbers are clipping the tykes of unwary parents in an Oliver-styled fashion known as the "British boy cut" (low bangs in front, thick mop in back), and many a little boy will soon look rather like a wistful needle in a haystack.

## Chinese Fireworks

The Foo Hsing Theater is a forceful reminder that Broadway starves the senses. Performing centuries-old classics, *The Beautiful Bait* and *The White Snake*, this Chinese theater troupe refreshes the



WANG FU-JUNG IN "BEAUTIFUL BAIT"  
Something sensual.

eye by splashing the stage with color. It fills the air with exotic sounds. It galvanizes the playgoer physically with the grace and discipline of bodily action.

*The Beautiful Bait* is the superior play and seems like a foray into the enchanted realm of a child's dream. It is acted by wondrously well-trained youngsters, none older than 17. The plot: a wicked prime minister, Tung Cho, tries to overthrow a royal dynasty. A loyal statesman dangles a beautiful girl (Wang Fu-jung) as bait before Tung Cho and his general, Li-Pu. The general turns against Tung Cho, gets the girl and saves the dynasty.

The working-out of the story has the melodramatic naïveté of an early silent film, but the stage skills of the cast speak a universal language. Masked and bearded for their roles, the actors show their youth only in their piping voices. They are prodigious acrobats. Li-Pu's groom does not scale an enemy wall; he vaults over it with a somersault. The soldiers' duels mate the formality of ballet with the split-second timing of a trapeze act. Girls make ribbons of cloth hiss, curl and swirl through the air like rainbow-colored pythons. The evening's most exquisite miming re-creates a boat trip upriver. Using only two paddles as props, the players sway and dip with uncannily precise imprecision, lyrically evoking a sampan bobbing on the water.

All the while, a small side-stage group of instrumentalists brews a weird and furious counterpoint of sound. The drummer underscores and paces the action with the charged beat of an Oriental Gene Krupa. After its two-week stay in Manhattan, the Foo Hsing Theater, which has toured the U.S. from coast to coast and toast to toast, opens in Mexico City.

## Poet of Silence

**Marcel Marceau**, a mime conceivably without living equal, celebrates the Pyrrhic victories of the human spirit. He is a pantomimic account of the laughably sadening costs of being human. Mimicking



OLIVER (THIRD FROM LEFT) IN WORKHOUSE SCENE  
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a dynamiter, he blows himself up at precisely the moment when he is casually admiring his technical know-how. As a party-goer, he pirouettes through all the social graces, only to get stupidly, staggeringly drunk. With his toes seemingly reading a tightrope in faltering braille, he teeters across the high wire, but only after the audience is made to know that courage can be the vanity of cowards. In the most affecting sketch of the evening at the New York City Center, Marceau plays a mask maker trying on his wares in a quick-change display of a bewildering variety of emotions, until his face gets stuck behind a mask of inane gaiety. He tugs at the fool thing, but it will not come off, and behind this frozen idiotic grin his body writhes in frustration and anger, his being sheds un-



MIME MARCEAU

The heart is where the hurt is.

seen tears of despair. When the mask is finally wrenched free, Marceau's face is austere and desolate with pain, the soul of man forever entrapped, forever struggling to break out of the prison of his skin.

If Marceau's art has an autumnal seriousness, his artistry bubbles with Gallic springtime vivacity. He mixes sweetness with strength. His head wobbles like a flower on a too-skinny stalk, but his feet are sprung steel on points when he dances his timeless ballets. He is a theatrical master of total illusion. When he climbs an imaginary ladder, the rungs creak; when he leans against a nonexistent bar, the bar leans back with wooden stubbornness; when his outstretched palms slide feverishly along a make-believe wall, the air turns brick-solid.

Marceau has obviously tutored himself on early Charlie Chaplin. The Little Tramp wore a derby; Marceau's Bip character sports a dented stovepipe hat. In The Tramp's hand was a flower; from Bip's hat sprouts a rose. Both share the knowledge that no matter how funny the pratfall, the heart is where the hurt is. In nursing that hurt, Marcel Marceau shows himself to be a stylish musician of motion, an exciting architect of empty space, an eloquent poet of silence.

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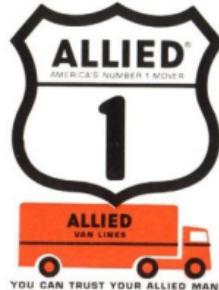
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# SHOW BUSINESS

## PLAYWRIGHTS

### Gentle Wilhelm

The most popular and beloved German playwright is Shakespeare—gentle Wilhelm, the bard of Stuttgart-am-Neckar and every other hamlet from Rosencrantz to Guildenstern.

Last season Shakespearean plays in Germany were performed 2,306 times on 112 stages in Germany, Austria and Switzerland. By contrast, J. W. von Goethe, the German Shakespeare (who is not terribly popular in England, the U.S., Australia, Canada or New Zealand), ran a poor second. In the three countries, 86 theaters staged his plays last season in 1,980 performances. The chief reason is A. W. von Schlegel, a German writer whose stunning translations of Shakespeare were completed in 1840. He was such an accomplished poet himself that people who know both languages often claim that the German versions of Shakespeare's plays are better than the originals.

## TELEVISION

### Nationwide Workshop

In St. Louis one evening last week, a tall, commanding-looking Negro in a dark suit and vest walked into the main rotunda of the city's Old Courthouse. For 30 minutes, he stood there and told TV viewers the story of the slave Sam Blow who picked up the nickname Great Scott—pronounced Dred Scott in Sam Blow's Gullah accent—whose suit was tried twice in that courthouse, in 1847 and in 1850.



HANNIBAL IN "PAWN"

From Dred Scott to holy lechery.

It was a kind of lecture, really, with choral interludes by costumed singers, discussing the illiterate man whose petition for freedom was finally turned down by the U.S. Supreme Court. The lecturer was Marc Hannibal, formerly a professional basketball player with the razzle-dazzle Harlem Globetrotters. He had never before been on television, and that was the whole idea.

In New York, Los Angeles, Chicago and Philadelphia, similar programs were broadcast at the same time, using little-known or totally unknown young performers. This is the CBS *Repertoire Workshop*, a joint project of the five TV stations owned by the network, intended not as a fling for amateurs but as a springboard for apprentice professionals. Each station will produce seven shows, and all 35 will be seen in all five cities.

**Monk & Rasputin.** Los Angeles' premiere show last week was a musical revue called *Who Tied the Can to Modern Man?* It was Julius Monky business, and not quite ready to come out from under the stairs. Nonetheless, some moments were passably funny, like the skit about the fellow who buys an apartment so fully automated that it looks after his emotional needs and sings *He's a Jolly Good Fellow* to cheer him up, but eventually turns against him. A cannon rolls out of the wall and shoots him dead.

WCBS-TV New York started its series with an original modern dance by 28-year-old Norman Walker. It was arty, erotic, and somewhat constipated, centering on a noble youth who seemed to have trouble deciding in what direction his basic current flowed. It seemed to dazzle the audience, however, since the *Repertoire Workshop's* ballet scored higher ratings than its competition. NBC's *The Virginian* and ABC's *Wagon Train*, Philadelphia showed young actors in Thornton Wilder's *Pullman Car Hiawatha*. Two Chicago housewives—whose principal credits are six children—contributed a short play to Chicago's WBBM-TV about how difficult it was to kill the monk Rasputin. Actor Val Bettin was a triumph of holy lechery with a soft ten-inch beard around smacking wet lips.

**Ghettobound.** Future workshop shows will include any kind of performance that an eager young pro can get past an audition: pantomime, improvisation, poetry readings, musical recitals, monologues, one-actors, sermons—anything. Philadelphia's second contribution to the series will be the first play written by cartoonist Jules Feiffer. Distantly echoing Harold Pinter, it is called *Crawling Arnold*. Arnold is in his 30s, but he crawls because he wants to be complex again ("Children are complex, adults are just complicated"). The dialogue is built out of Fey remarks about Jews, Negroes and psychiatric social workers who sleep with Arnold to make him feel like a man.

CBS opened its new series in midweek prime time for one night only, instantly

kicking it into the ghetto of weekend afternoons. Nonetheless, a project like this is more than praiseworthy. Mainly unsponsored, it represents money generously spent by the network on the potential of young performers.

## COMEDIANS

### Barnyard Girl

Comedians often specialize. Some toy with national politics, others with the race problem. Rusty Warren's field is sexual intercourse.

A squarely constructed redhead woman in her middle 30s, with the hoarse voice and hearty manner of a call-house madam, she talks about sex in clear, unsubtle terms. Her joke vocabulary is full of colons and ova. She discusses sexual failures, makes fun of women with abnormally small chest development, and moves from person to person in her audiences making clever references to the probable size of their genitalia. Some of her words are pretty old Collegiate Gothic, like *horny* and *pontang*. And she is billed as The Knockers Up Girl.

In short, she is just another dirty comedian who deprives sex of all its grace and sophistication, while she claims to be helping inhibited females to enjoy themselves. Maybe she is. For the incredible thing about Rusty Warren is the crowds she draws. She has just left Mr. Kelly's in Chicago, where Greyhound buses arrived every day from assorted plains cities full of jolly, plump, greying matrons dying to see their goddess. Car pools came in from Iowa and far Missouri. "The women are usually 40 to 50 or more, and hefty," she says.

Many women regularly bring their husbands to hear her, blue-suit and brown-shoe types that have never seen a night-club. Like Rusty, they all seem at home in a barnyard. They sit there and roar happily as Rusty expresses her desire to become the first woman to make love to an astronaut in space.

The women fans wear Knockers Up



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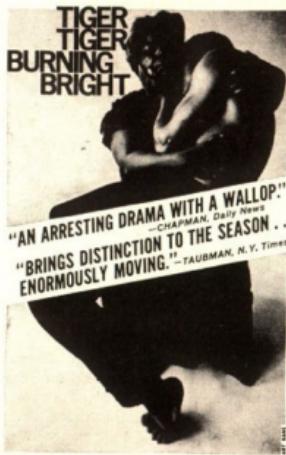
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buttons. They know her five LP albums by heart (more than 3,000,000 sold so far). They have made her a \$5,000-a-week nightclub star, outdrawing Mort Sahl and Shelley Berman. After all, Rusty comes of a fine background. She is from Milton, Mass. She has a degree from the New England Conservatory of Music, and she once played the piano under the direction of Arthur Fiedler.

## HOLLYWOOD

### Some of the Worms Are Turning

As every flunking schoolboy knows, runaway film productions have turned Hollywood from a suburb into a synecdoche, and Hollywood's people are living under every other rock from County Galway to the Areopagus hill. Knock on any castle, there's a star inside. Don't stop to photograph that shabby beggar by the European roadside; he's just a scenario writer looking for work.

Once, fame for a foreign star meant an almost automatic move to Hollywood and the purchase of a mansion in Beverly Hills. But more recently the traffic has been the other way. Stars who made their pile more often than not move to Paris, Rome or the Swiss Alps. Their children, who once might have gone to the Bel Air Town and Country School, now go to the International School in Geneva.

**The Unbudgeable.** There are two famous Williams in the revised history of Switzerland: William Tell and William Holden. Sometimes Holden is away looking after his hotel in Kenya, but more often he is back in the old canton, cruising around Lake Geneva in his \$30,000 yacht or resting in his 15-room lake villa. "I love Switzerland," he says. "Even if the taxes here were the same as in the U.S., I would not budge."

Quicker than he might have thought, Holden is going to be challenged to put up or shove off. Under new tax regulations effective Jan. 1, 1963, U.S. citizens living abroad will no longer be totally exempt from taxation on money earned overseas. Actually a maximum of \$35,000 can still be clear, but that's all. Holden will probably stick by his loyalty to Switzerland anyway. Where else could he have George Sanders, Gregory Peck, Charlie Chaplin, Yul Brynner, Mel Ferrer, Audrey Hepburn, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Stewart Granger, Gina Lollobrigida, Peter Ustinov, Noel Coward, David Niven, Jack Palance and James Mason for approximate neighbors?

**Bugs & Bourgeoisie.** The stars tend to shed their early backgrounds and blend into new surroundings as well in Europe as they once did in Hollywood. East Harlem's Burt Lancaster, a sometime Swiss, settled his family in Palermo's great Villa Scaletti during the filming of *The Leopard*, and there lived the life of an aging nobleman with yacht. A few Hollywood people, mainly writers such as Nunnally Johnson, are hearty enough to have settled comfortably in England, and the Paris group—Ingrid Bergman, Jean



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GENEVA'S BRYNNER



PARIS' SEBERG

Hollywood is long since sacked.

Seberg, Olivia de Havilland, *et al.*—leads a stuffy, bourgeois life. Fine old Cary Grant is now living in Darryl Zanuck's Left Bank house, where his evening routine is dinner and television.

Missouri's John Huston, of course, is a bit of the old sod if ever there was one. In Galway, he has a 26-room Georgian mansion, a trout stream, and a shooting bog. For some time he has been Joint Master of the Foxhounds of the Galway Blazers, for whom he gave a party one night last week that lasted until break of day, while Huston's fellow huntsmen, 300 strong, milled around under three marquees set up on the master's spacious lawn. "I like horses and deep country and the Irish pleasantries," says Huston. "I like the life in Ireland, there's more variety to it."

**Waiting List.** Much is written about the responsibility-to-the-stockholders sort of reason why movies are made abroad—the now waning tax advantages, the cheap labor—but those are often just very good excuses for what the stars, producers and directors want to do anyway: get out of decaying Hollywood and go off to foreign playgrounds for a jolly good time. Hollywood historians are left to ponder whether the films have taken the people away or vice versa.

"Look, I bought a car," says young Robert Wagner, "nothing special, just a great car. Well, I love that car. It has taken me all over—France, the Alps, Sicily—and I'd never done any of that before. Now, in Hollywood, someone else would get a new model and maybe I

wouldn't—you know. And in the States if you worry about wines, people think you're queer or something." Wagner lives in Rome, which has long since sacked Hollywood. Nearly twice as many films were made in Rome last year as were made in California. It is an O.K. city to work in, but the more or less permanent new Romans seem to give off an odor of being on a waiting list for Geneva: Cameron Mitchell, Guy Madison, Fernando Lamas, John Barrymore Jr., Esther Williams, Steve Reeves, Gordon Scott, Anita Ekberg.

**Quo Vadim?** Not everyone is giddy with euphoria, however. Many of these Hollywood Romans, for example, spend their time in Jerry's American restaurant, eating hamburgers and French fries, and listening to an American jukebox. A few speak Italian; most of the others don't bother to learn. They seldom mix with their Italian peers. There is a growing wistfulness and nostalgia for the good old gaudy joys of Hollywood.

Thus the worms are slowly turning, facing west again. For every acclimated John Huston, there are at least a hundred Homesick Harrys. Some of them may soon be following French Director Roger Vadim, once the husband of Brigitte Bardot but now somewhat bored with his native playgrounds. Vadim has discovered the way to find action and excitement on his spare weekends. He goes to Los Angeles.

With great and good friend Romain Gary at right,



**How do you take the swerves out of curves?**



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# EDUCATION

## FOUNDATIONS

### Being Big About It

What is the mighty Ford Foundation up to? Last week it reported that in fiscal 1962 it gave away \$225.7 million—60% more than the year before. The giving was not in the style of lesser philanthropists: pinpoint aid to struggling causes, Ford is so big (\$2.3 billion, book value) that it has developed a new style of giving. The foundation sustains entire school systems, universities and fields of study—the “critical” ideas and institutions that it deems worthy of continuous support. Not everyone agrees with all of its choices, concedes President Henry T. Head, but “we do not read the concept of philanthropic neutrality to mean that foundations should not have a point of view.”

In 1962 Ford thus poured massive manna into everything from overseas development (\$46 million) to U.S. education (\$125.3 million). Sample fields of action:

BETTER TEACHING: \$3,500,000 to reform teaching in all the public schools of Oregon; similar grants went to the schools of Newton, Mass., and Norwalk, Conn.

AIDING THE ARTS: \$6,100,000 to nine repertory theaters from Manhattan to Los Angeles.

AIDING SCIENCE: \$8,000,000 to increase the U.S. engineering faculty by one-third through loans to future engineering teachers, who do not have to repay the money if they stay in teaching.

HELPING CITIES: \$13.5 million to aid cities across the U.S. in fighting everything from juvenile delinquency to youth unemployment.

ENCOURAGING SCHOLARSHIP: \$14.5 million to the National Merit Scholarship Corp., \$27.5 million to Woodrow Wilson fellowships for prospective college teachers.

PRIVATE EDUCATION: \$47.6 million in no-strings matching grants to twenty private colleges and universities under a “challenge” program that now involves 35 campuses, will ultimately generate \$39.7 million.

## SCHOOLS

### Triple-Speed Learning

The children at City and Country School in Bloomfield Hills, Mich., can learn any subject in one-third of the time needed by ordinary kids. The quite plausible explanation is that the private school's 315 students (aged 3 to 13) have IQs averaging 144 and ranging up to 208. “They escape into intellectual activity instead of from it,” says Headmaster George Roepel.

Vacation is no exception. Along with writing a play, choreographing a dance and reading *A Tale of Two Cities*, Roepel's seventh-graders were back in school this week after having spent Christmas voluntarily finishing up their first year of high school algebra. Tuning up for the

school's spring “talent fair,” a sixth-grader had polled all 110 state legislators on their views of Michigan's proposed new constitution. A seventh-grader fed radioactive food to mother mice to study its effect on sucklings; his pal built a Geiger counter to help out. One eighth-grader analyzed Detroit newspapers to see how fairly they covered Michigan's gubernatorial campaign. Another designed a tiny bathysphere with sensing devices, so he can send a hamster to the bottom of a deep lake and record its reactions.

CQ Plus IQ. City and Country owes its existence to Adolf Hitler. In 1936, the Nazis chased out Roepel's father-in-law,

children who are brilliant but incapable of original thought,” says Roepel.

**Life Is Work.** At nursery level, Anne-Marie Roepel introduces children to numbers, letters, maps, magnetism, gravity and the three states of matter. In kindergarten the play extends to phonics, word games and Cuisenaire rods—a first-grade package. In second grade, having long since mastered multiplication, division and short essay writing, the kids read at fifth-grade level, pursue “the joy of discovery” in bright classrooms adorned with such helpful information as: “A paleontologist has to work very hard for the museum. He has to put dinosaur bones together. The hardest bones ever put together were *Tyrannosaurus rex*.”

Already 2½ years ahead of public



ROEPER & FIFTH-GRADERS PRACTICING SPANISH  
But even super-kids can't vote twice.

J. EDWARD BAILEY

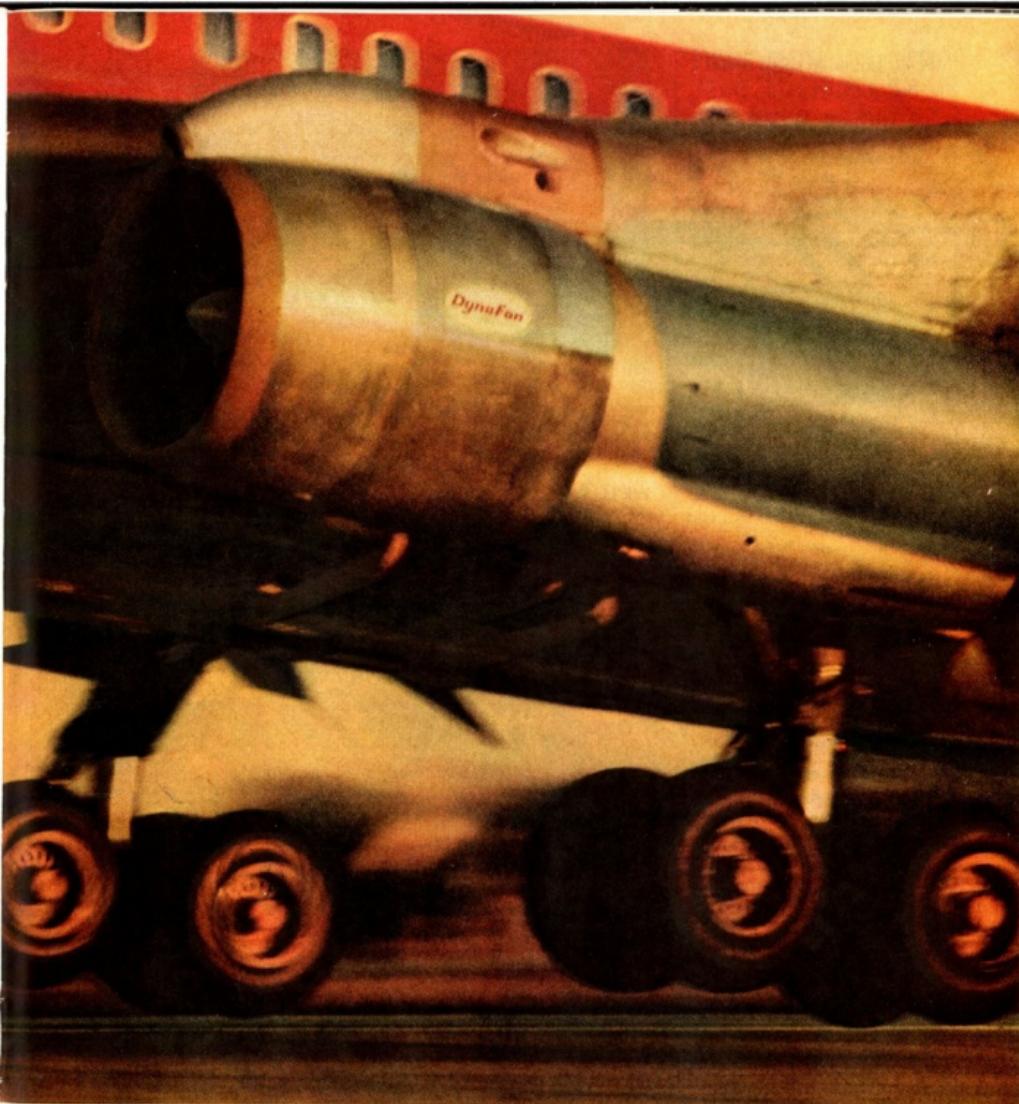
Max Bondy, who had introduced coeducation in Germany. The Roepers joined him in Switzerland, where he and his wife opened a trilingual school; later they set up a U.S. branch (now the Windsor Mountain School, Lenox, Mass.); the Roepers then opened their own school in Detroit. In 1956, concerned about neglect of gifted kids, the Roepers decided to make it a place where “intellectual ability has prestige.”

A once-time country estate with a 28-room mansion, the school now draws kids from all kinds of homes—not only the bright children of Bloomfield Hills auto executives but also such “finds” as a nine-year-old Detroit Negro girl with jobless parents and an IQ of 170. Typically, her public school called on the Roepers for help; her neighbors passed the hat for tuition (which runs from \$600 to \$800 a year). Wealthy parents sponsor many other such kids. A brotherhood of brains unites them all—the measure of which is that only 87 out of 420 bright applicants hurdled the entrance exams last year. One reason is that Roepel also insists on a high CQ (creativity quotient), determined in part by how imaginatively applicants tackle IQ tests. “We don't take

school children, fifth-graders take off in a college-like departmental system under specialized teachers. Classes in each subject (math, science, English, social studies) meet five times a week. Homework averages two to three hours a night. Roepel wants his kids to think of life “as a place where work is taken for granted.”

**Controlling Snobbery.** In science, the upper four grades cover everything from genetics to twelfth-grade chemistry. In English, students learn mythology, composition, Dickens, Twain, Shakespeare. In social studies, the range is from Greece to China and modern Russia. Every two weeks, the kids hand in independent research reports. One work sheet asked seventh-graders to analyze the significance of Adam Smith, Robert Walpole, Oliver Cromwell, John Milton, the Bill of Rights, the British Cabinet system, and the Commonwealth of Nations. Sixth-graders had to discuss Hernando Cortes, Pancho Villa, Simón Bolívar and Benito Juárez, and write essays contrasting the Aztec and Mayan civilizations.

How to find suitable high schools for his peerless products is a problem that Roepel hopes to solve by building his own, if he can raise the money. How to



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LAWYER FRANKLIN



SON FRANKLIN & CANTABRIGIANS  
Objective, but it takes doing.

DEREK BAYES

keep them from becoming snobs is less a problem. All "elite" notions are sternly repressed. "We make a clear separation between human values and skills," says Rooper. "The child learns that just because he's a whiz in math, he doesn't get two votes in student elections. We want them to know their place in society."

## SCHOLARS Negro at Cambridge

"The only valid base on which to build the New World republic was one characterized by democracy and equality. The tragedy of this republic was that as long as human slavery existed its base had a fallacy that made it both incongruous and specious." So writes this year's visiting William Pitt Professor of American History and Institutions at Cambridge University, and only an occasional reader will sense that John Hope Franklin is himself a descendant of slaves. "I have maintained my objectivity," says Franklin, "but it takes some doing."

When not in England, John Hope Franklin, 47, serves as head of the history department at Brooklyn College. Last month he became the first Negro member of Washington's Cosmos Club, the club of scientists, scholars, journalists and government officials that earned itself a flurry of criticism last year by rejecting the application of another Negro.

**Wrong Skin.** Franklin's cool dignity comes from his doughty father, one of Oklahoma's first Negro lawyers. No sooner had Lawyer Franklin begun practice in segregated Tulsa in 1921 than race rioters burned down his office. He went on in a tent, became one of the state's leading citizens. "My father scorned segregation as a mark of indignity," recalls his son. "He paid no attention to signs marked 'Negro' and 'White.' He went where he pleased, mingling with people like any other man."

Franklin waited tables through Fisk, graduated *magna cum laude*; he typed Ph.D. dissertations to work his way through Harvard, got his doctorate in American history. In World War II, Franklin applied for clerical work in the Navy. The reply: "You have even better qualifications than we are asking for in all respects but one—the color of your skin." The turndown hurt, but it gave Franklin time to become an expert on Negro and Civil War history. He taught for nine years at Howard, helped write the N.A.A.C.P.'s 1954 Supreme Court brief against school segregation, and in 1956 took over at Brooklyn. "I haven't really had to struggle much," he says.

**White Progress.** At Cambridge, filling a position that in the past has gone to such notables as Cornell's Clinton Rossiter and Amherst's Henry Steele Commager, Franklin analyzes the Civil War for his mostly British students, telling them "how a great experiment could have come to be perched on the brink of disaster." He refuses to let Americans "be happy" with the bland idea that no one need be blamed for the Civil War. It was caused, he says, by the extremism of a South that "always seems to have looked over its shoulder—frequently seeing what was not there." His just published *The Emancipation Proclamation* (Doubleday; \$3.50) hopefully suggests that "perhaps" Lincoln's manifesto—100 years old last week—will eventually "give real meaning and purpose to the Declaration of Independence."

But Franklin has few illusions about U.S. race relations; he holds a "peculiar view" of the process: "Almost invariably the Negro progresses only to the extent that the white man advances in understanding that a human being is a human being. There have been Negroes as talented as I before me, but they could not get where I have because the white man was not advanced enough to let them."

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# ART



KNATHS'S "NUMBER ZERO-ADAM"  
Just the reverse of painting from a model.

## Mood & Wonder

Painter Karl Knaths never uses models, for the elementary reason that a model would only hamper him. "Before I start a painting," he explains, "I have an idea—or a motif—in mind. It could be a piece of a landscape or maybe a still life. From the motif you break into planes to create spaces." In the spaces he paints the objects and figures central to the motif, at the same time building up an architectural structure usually made of heavy black lines. As the painting progresses, he keeps forms and colors in key with each other, changing them if he has to but never violating the structure. The process is just the reverse of painting from the model: Knaths never knows what the result will be. "You work from the surface of the canvas to a subject," says he, "rather than from subject to canvas."

A gentle, big-boned man who was born in Wisconsin, Painter Knaths, 71, has never been a part of any major U.S. art movement. He acknowledges his debt to Cézanne, as well as to Villon and Delaunay for color and Juan Gris for his sense of plane structure. But Knaths (pronounced with the K sounded) paints only like Knaths, for he has always viewed the world through his own private prism.

He is often so abstract that no object can be discerned in his work; but when one is present, it is likely to be derived from around his house in Provincetown, Mass. In the show of Knaths's work that was on display last week at Manhattan's Paul Rosenberg & Co., the sailboats and fishermen, wharves and beaches of Cape Cod were all there, transformed into a subtle geometry that partially conceals their identity but thereby achieves what Knaths is after—"mood and wonder."

Knaths never goes in for dramatics. His colors are muted, do not dazzle. He can catch the orange glory of dawn, but

he is not interested in the glare of high noon. He suggests the movement inherent in even the still life, but shuns swift outward action. Rather than a storm at sea, he prefers to paint the glistening emptiness of the time when the tide has run out. There is activity in a Knaths painting, but it is contained in a marvelous calm; mood and movement flow, one from the other, as in a slow-motion ballet.

## Ad Absurdum

Among the new acquisitions currently on display at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art is a large square canvas called *Abstract Painting* that seems at first glance to be entirely black. Closer inspection shows that it is subtly divided into seven lesser areas. In a helpful gallery note at one side, Abstractionist Ad Reinhardt explains his painting. It is: "A square (neutral, shapeless) canvas, five feet wide, five feet high, as high as a man, as wide as a man's outstretched arms (not large, not small, sizeless), trisectioned (no composition), one horizontal form negating one vertical form (formless, no top, no bottom, directionless), three (more or less) dark (lightless), non-contrasting (colorless) colors, brushwork brushed out to remove brushwork, a mat, flat, free-hand painted surface (glossless, textureless, non-linear, no hard edge, no soft edge) which does not reflect its surroundings—a pure, abstract non-objective, timeless, spaceless, changeless, relationless, disinterested painting—an object that is self-conscious (no unconsciousness), ideal, transcendent, aware of nothing but art (absolutely no anti-art)."

## Knickerbocker Silversmiths

To most matrons rummaging around in an antique shop, Early American silverware means the clean-lined creations of Paul Revere and other New England silversmiths. But the Early American sil-

ver wrought in old New York is equally attractive and—in ornamentation, curves and opulence—much richer.

The Museum of the City of New York, that orderly attic of Manhattan, is currently showing the work of 13 silversmiths of the colonial period. New York was full of wealthy merchants; as a contemporary historian pointed out in 1692: "This town is much richer than Boston. Its municipal currency consists of Spanish coin." But coin is cumbersome wealth; the merchants found it more practical to take the money to a reliable silversmith and have it melted down and fashioned into useful—and visible—objects.

Household silver became an index of financial status, and decorated with monograms and coats of arms, it became a highly personal way for a Dutch burgher to advertise his worth. When Colonel Abraham de Peyster died in 1728, he left behind 1403 oz. of silver, all executed in ornate flatware and plate.

There being no official hallmarks as in England and Holland, silversmiths were of necessity men of integrity, and upon their honor alone depended the quality of the silver that they hammered and engraved. At the wish of their shoe-buckled patrons, the smiths were generous with the silver as well, turning out strong, heavy pieces (the New England silversmiths scrimped and made their ware thin at the top).

Among the show's well-polished highlights are the gleaming heirlooms loaned to the museum and shown on the opposite page. The tankard has a coin imbedded in its lid and is engraved with roses representing the arms of the Roosevelt family; made by Gerrit Onckelbag, it was possibly part of the dowry of Catharina Hardenbroek, who married Jacobus Roosevelt in 1713. The fat little teapot is the work of Jesse Kip, and was probably made between 1720 and 1722 for the Douw family. The candle cup, also the work of Onckelbag, is engraved with the stars-and-windmill arms of the Van Cortlandt family, was used for dispensing a mixture of wine or ale, eggs, gruel, sugar and spices to the sick and their visitors. Onckelbag's bowl with graceful curved handles is 12 in. wide and is ornamented with a floral design showing a strong Scandinavian influence; inside the base are the Twyford family arms. The porringer was made by Jurian Blanck Jr., New York's first native-born silversmith. Also on display:

- A socket fork, the work of Jesse Kip. It is a marvelously practical instrument, consisting of a fork at one end for spearng sweetmeats and a spoon at the other for taking up the heavy syrup.
- A funeral spoon made by Cornelius Vander Burch in 1678, typical of the flatware that was doled out to the bereaved family's friends, a practice that must have assured well-attended funerals.
- A peg tankard by Cornelius Kierstede with five pegs inside the body in line with the handle; as the tankard was passed around, each bibber drank to his peg but not a drop below.



NEW YORK SILVERSMITHS working before 1700 created gleaming legacy of tankard, teapot, caudle cup, bowl and porringer on view at Museum of the City of New York.

ERIC SCHALT

# RELIGION

## Revival's Crest

New statistical evidence that the nation's postwar religious revival has crested appeared last week in the 1963 *Yearbook of American Churches*, published by the National Council of Churches. For the first time in a century, the *Yearbook* reports, the percentage of church members among the general population of the U.S. has decreased. *Yearbook* figures show that 116,109,929 Americans belong to 258 religious bodies. They represent 63.4% of the population, which is two-tenths of 1% less than the totals recorded a year ago. Both Roman Catholicism, with 42,876,665 members, and Protestantism, with 64,434,966, showed small numerical growth, but the overall population growth was proportionately greater.



EGYPT'S EWEIDA

It is kismet that Islam should grow.



COUNCIL TRAINING CAMP

## Militant Moslems

"In heaven there is Allah," goes a popular saying in Moslem Egypt, "and on earth Nasser." The God of Islam and Egypt's dictator make a prosperous team. Today the faith of Mohammed is spreading rapidly across Africa, and with it spreads the dream of a Pan-Islamic political empire under Gamal Abdel Nasser. Both dreams are being propagated by one of the world's most energetic missionary forces: the Supreme Islamic Council, a smooth-running religious organization controlled by the Egyptian government.

With 430 million adherents, Islam remains a poor second in size to Christianity among the world's great religions. But not since the 8th century, when Arab warriors spread Islam across three continents at the point of the scimitar, has there been anything to compare with the current Moslem growth in Africa. There are more than 100 million Moslems on the Dark Continent, and the simple doctrines and disciplines taught by Mohammed are

yatta got one recently with a friendly inscription by Nasser. It has supplied 3,000-volume libraries to 125 Islamic centers on five continents. Its tireless printing presses flood Africa with cheap copies of the Koran and pamphlets that shrewdly blend the word of Allah with the word of Nasser.

One of the council's most impressive productions is a complete recording of the Koran on 44 disks, by the dean of Islam's Koran readers, Sheik Mahmoud el Hosaris. To make the Koran's 7th century message apply to modern problems, the council's 180 technical advisers are now turning out fresh commentaries on obscure phrases of the Prophet. They operate a fulltime answering service to resolve such religious scruples of the devout as whether a Moslem can accept a blood transfusion from a non-Moslem, and when abortion is lawful.<sup>®</sup>

® Answers: 1) Yes, if necessary to life. 2) Only within 120 days of conception; after that, the fetus has a soul.

**Propagate the Faith.** Operating boss of the council is an Egyptian army major more familiar with infantry tactics than theology. Says rifle-spined Mohammed Eweida: "I consider myself a soldier carrying out orders." Son of a Nile delta landowner, Eweida was a pious child who fasted twice a week throughout the year, always carried a copy of the Koran in his pocket at prep school. Despite his religious leanings, Eweida entered Egypt's military academy rather than Cairo's ulama-rum al-Azhar University, graduated at the top of his class and rose from subaltern to major in four years. Nasser chose Eweida to organize Egypt's 2,000,000-strong Youth Corps; he did so well that Nasser four years ago gave him the larger chore of setting up an organization to propagate Islam.

Eweida insists that "the council's mission is purely religious—it has nothing to do with politics." Nonetheless, the council is violently opposed to Islamic organizations associated with other Moslem leaders, such as the mission-minded Ahmadiyya Movement of Pakistan or the puritanical Wahhabi sect of Saudi Arabia. To Eweida, it is kismet that Islam should grow, and that Egypt should become the center of Islamic culture. Nasser thinks so too.

## Burning Thoughts

After the Rev. Cecil Myers concluded his evening sermon on the topic "You Can Start Right Over Now," the lights of Atlanta's Grace Methodist Church were dimmed. The choir sang softly, and members of the 1,200-strong congregation, each bearing a tightly folded scrap of paper, began to crowd the aisles. As each worshiper reached the altar, he dropped his twist of paper into one of a dozen burning urns; some knelt for a moment in prayer before returning to their pews.

Written down on the burning papers were the darkest thoughts, the most vexatious worries, the deepest hatreds that had come to the parishioners' minds during the service. As a way of starting the New Year right, Grace Methodist invites its congregation to "forget the past and face the future" by symbolically consigning hates and fears to the flaming urns. The unusual ceremony was introduced to Grace Methodist 15 years ago by Myers' predecessor, and in the past has been used by Methodist Youth Assemblies in Georgia.

Myers argues that thought burning has "tremendous psychological value." Last year a separated husband and wife went to the altar with their hatreds, and weeks later wrote Myers to say that they had been reunited as a "direct result" of the ceremony. The annual event is now so popular that worshippers from other churches attend Grace Methodist just to share in the thought burning. "The people line the aisles all the way to the outside doors waiting for their turn at the urns," Myers says. "You don't have to cajole them into coming." Last week it took an hour before all the bad thoughts were turned to ash.

---

# A tax cut? How big—and how soon?

Just a few weeks ago, LIFE posed these questions to a group of men who should know.

Under LIFE's own auspices, a Round Table on taxes was assembled, including Presidential adviser Walter Heller, economist Paul Samuelson, Congressional Ways and Means Committee members Hale Boggs and John Byrnes, and other leading economists, bankers, and representatives of business and labor.

This week, as the big pocketbook question becomes the No. 1 political issue of 1963, LIFE presents a major report on the conclusions of the group.

The consensus was heavily for reduced taxes. Although disagreement arose (as it is expected to in Congress) about where to apply tax cuts, there was a strong willingness to compromise before the all-important problem—to release the stranglehold on an economy that is "gasping for breath through the so-called tax loopholes."

LIFE's editorial page this week, too, explains "why we are urging tax cuts now" and offers four conditions under which responsible citizens can and should give tax cuts their wholehearted support.

## LIFE

...The tangle of taxes; the specter of war; the challenge of space; week after week, LIFE brings its vast resources to bear on the dominant issues of our time, to place them in focus and perspective. This kind of reporting has a magnetic attraction for the people who care. People you like to talk to read LIFE.



ART ROGERS—LOS ANGELES TIMES  
WISCONSIN'S VANDERKELEN THROWING LONG  
Children were shushed, telephones went unanswered.

## SPORT

### Roses All Around

For 364 days a year, Pasadena, Calif., is a gentle, cultivated city populated by little old ladies who sit behind lace curtains and, according to legend, knit Volkswagens. But on New Year's Day, Pasadena is no place for the timid. Bass drums defile the dawn, and the aroma of American Beauty mingles with the perfume of nervous palomino. The Tournament of Roses parade is all about girls and beauty; the afternoon's football game is supposed to separate the men from the boys.

There have been times when the fans wished that they had gone home after the parade. But not this year. Matched in the Rose Bowl were the nation's two top teams, Southern California and Wisconsin, and in  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours of matchless play, they restored to college football all the grace and aggressiveness, the fun and glory that it had presumably lost to the pros.

**A Score to Settle.** In the regular season, Southern Cal had ripped off ten straight victories, outscored its opponents 219 to 55, wound up No. 1 in the nation. It had a highly touted quarterback in Pete Beathard, 20, a 200-lb. junior, and an All-America end in Hal Bedsole, who had broken every U.S.C. pass-catching record (29 catches, 726 yds., 9 TDs).

Wisconsin, champion of the arrogant Big Ten, had won eight games, lost one (to Ohio State, 14-7), was ranked No. 2 in the country. Its passer was Ron VanderKelen, 23, a bean-tall senior from football-crazy Green Bay, who played only 90 seconds in his first two varsity years but was voted the Big Ten's Most Valuable Player this season. Its end was Pat Richter, 21, who caught 38 passes, made ten All-America teams. Wisconsin also felt it had a little score to settle. Six times this season, schools from the Big

Ten had been beaten by teams from the West's Big Six; twice in the last three years, the Big Ten had been humiliated in the Rose Bowl—and the worst licking of all was Wisconsin's own 44-8 shellacking by Washington in 1960.

**Lazy Little Toss.** "The kids are a little bored knocking each other around," said Wisconsin's Coach Milt Bruhn. "They know there's a job to be done, and they're anxious to get to it." At the kickoff, Wisconsin was a three-point favorite. But U.S.C. swiftly made the point spread seem ridiculous.

After only 53 minutes, with a fourth down on the Wisconsin 13, U.S.C. Coach John McKay sprang a clever trap on the Badgers, who were playing a man-to-man pass defense. Trojan Tackle Ron Butcher came scurrying on field with a rarely used play, "IGS-weak tackle look." Quarterback Beathard muttered in the huddle. The Trojans lined up over the ball—and, way out on the right wing, a U.S.C. back casually stepped up into the line. At the same instant, Left End Bedsole took a step backward, thereby making Tackle Butcher a legal pass receiver—for that one play. The notion of a tackle catching a pass never occurred to the befuddled Badgers. All alone in the Wisconsin secondary, Butcher gathered in Beathard's lazy little toss and jumped high with joy—right into the end zone. Score: U.S.C. 7, Wisconsin 0.

It took Wisconsin eleven plays to get the touchdown back. In the 81-yr. march, Quarterback VanderKelen completed four bull's-eye passes, sent his fullback cracking over tackle for the last yard and the score. But U.S.C. had more surprises to show. Beathard began experimenting with U.S.C.'s complex man-in-motion ground attack. "All season long," says Coach McKay, "we sent our man-in-motion in the direction the play was going. Now we

began sending the man-in-motion one way and the ball the other." Trojan Fullback Ben Wilson ripped through the center of Wisconsin's line for one TD. Minutes later, behind a phalanx of three blockers, Halfback Ron Heller cut off right tackle and sprinted 25 yds. for another touchdown that gave U.S.C. a 21-7 lead.

**"We Knew."** By half time, the California fans were settling comfortably back to enjoy the slaughter. Yet in the Wisconsin dressing room a curious calm prevailed. "We were surprised that they hit us so hard in the beginning," recalls VanderKelen. "But nobody was desperate. We knew we could come back." Hardly anyone else agreed. On the very first play from scrimmage in the second half, U.S.C.'s Beathard fired a little "look-in" pass to Left End Bedsole, who took two quick steps forward and cut diagonally across the field. Once again Wisconsin was asleep. Two vicious blocks cut down the only defenders with a shot at Bedsole, and he rambled and strutted 57 yds. for a touchdown.

VanderKelen got that one back personally. In seven plays, he moved from kickoff to the U.S.C. 17, coolly mixing passes with line backs to keep the defense guessing. Then, trying to pass, he looked for his receivers. All were covered. In came the thundering U.S.C. line, murder in every step. At the last instant, VanderKelen wriggled loose from a tackler, saw daylight and raced all the way to a touchdown. It seemed like a dying gasp. U.S.C.'s Beathard threw 23 yds. to Bedsole for one touchdown, 13 yds. to End Fred Hill for another—and with just 14 min. left in the game, Southern Cal led, 42-14. The Badger band bravely tooted *On Wisconsin,*



BEN OLDFIELD—LOS ANGELES TIMES  
U.S.C.'S BEDSOLE CATCHING TD PASS  
And the band played on.

but it sounded forlorn. "We're No. 1! You're No. 2!" chanted Trojan fans. "We want the Packers!" they screamed. "Bring on Green Bay!"

"Go! Go! Go!" Green Bay they got—in Ron VanderKelen. No professional quarterback ever displayed more poise or rallied more gallantly. In one of those stunning moments of sport when a good player becomes great and does everything right and nothing wrong, he filled the air with footballs, lobbing long passes to Richter on the sidelines, shooting short flare passes to his halfbacks. A beautifully timed running play sent Halfback Lou Holland scampering 13 yards around right end, and that made the score 42-21. Now U.S.C. began to feel the pressure. Wisconsin recovered a Trojan fumble on the U.S.C. 29. Another dead-eye pass from VanderKelen to Halfback Gary Kroner meant another touchdown, and U.S.C.'s lead was cut to 14 points.

Suddenly, 98,000 spectators awoke to the fact that they were witnessing an uncommon game. In homes all across the U.S., children were shushed into silence and telephones went unanswered as TV held the eyes. The U.S.C. offense, so potent minutes before, sputtered to a halt. The U.S.C. punter dropped back to kick from his 12-yd. line—the pass from center sailed over his head and into the end zone. Almost another Wisconsin touchdown, but U.S.C. recovered just in time for just a two-point Wisconsin safety.

Once again Wisconsin and VanderKelen got the ball. "Throw it!" screamed the crowd. "Go! Go! Go!" Dancing, faking, sidestepping tacklers, VanderKelen threw—on the dead run, off balance, any way at all. A Trojan lineman trapped him on the U.S.C. 37. Arm cocked, falling sideways, VanderKelen let fly. Incredibly, he hit Richter on the Trojan 17. Another pass to Richter, another Wisconsin TD. Up stepped Wisconsin's place kicker Gary Kroner, and as the kickers for both teams had all afternoon, he clipped it professedly through the uprights for the extra point. Up shot the referee's arms, and the score was 42-37.

The clock read 1 min. 19 sec. left in the game, and desperate U.S.C. backs began to run backward to eat up the time. At last, Southern Cal had to punt. The two lines collided viciously, and three Wisconsin players smashed through, trying to block the kick. It soared over their outstretched fingers. On the Wisconsin 44, Lou Holland fielded the ball. Wham! a Trojan tackler hit him. Bang! the game was over.

**Every Kid's Dream.** U.S.C. was still No. 1. Wisconsin was still No. 2. But there were roses enough to go all around. Together, U.S.C. and Wisconsin tallied 79 points, a Rose Bowl record. Trojan Quarterback Beathard's four touchdown passes set another record. And Ron VanderKelen, completing 33 of 48 passes for 401 yds., put on the greatest one-man show in the Rose Bowl's 49-game history.

That night the offers from the pros started pouring in for the youngster who was all but passed up in last month's player

draft. Coach Vince Lombardi of VanderKelen's home-town Packers called person-to-person from Green Bay. VanderKelen was still unsure about a pro career. But there was no question about the team he would like to play for. "Every kid who grows up in Green Bay," he said, "dreams of being on field with the Packers."

### Always When It Counts

Could Green Bay use him? Certainly—the way the Yankees could use another Mickey Mantle. Last week, in the National Football League championship, the Champion Packers faced their sternest test



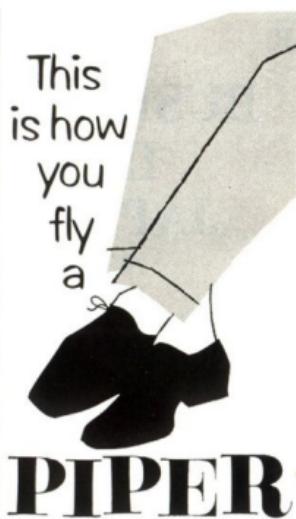
NEIL LEIFER—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

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of the season; the New York Giants, humbled 37-0 by Green Bay last year, were thirsting for revenge. "We want this game so badly we can taste it," said Giant Coach Allie Sherman, and 65,000 partisan fans braved Yankee Stadium's 13° cold to howl for Green Bay blood. Around New York the "smart" money was on the home-town Giants. The Packers were tired, the skeptics said. Nobody could pass like the Giants' Y. A. Tittle, nobody could catch like Del Shofner.

But the bookmakers, who bet \$4000 on the Packer's win, chose the Packers by 6½ points, and that was just about right. The Packers' aces—Fullback Jim Taylor, Halfback Paul Hornung, Quarterback Bart Starr—might be weary, but they were part of a team, a disciplined professional team that plays with precision and remembers Coach Vince Lombardi's admonitions: "Wear them down. Punish them. Intimidate them." Only twice in the first half did the vaunted Giant offense penetrate Packer territory. The lone Giant touchdown was scored by the defensive team, on a blocked punt. Tittle complained about the cold: "My hands were numb, and the wind was so crazy I couldn't throw the long pass. The ball just broke up in the air."

Yet Green Bay's Hornung, noted mainly for his running, put the ball on the Giant 7 with a 21-yd. pass. The Packer line opened a truck-sized hole on the next play. And when it counted, Fullback Taylor, spitting blood from cuts inside his mouth, rumbled through for the score. "That was our only mistake," said the Giants later. Had they stopped Taylor, the result would have been the same. Whenever the Packer attack stalled, Guard Jerry Kramer booted a field goal—three in all—and Green Bay won, 16-7. Then the country boys headed back to Wisconsin, richer by \$5,888 a man.



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## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Romano Mussolini, 35, jazz pianist son of Italy's *Il Duce*; and Maria Scicolone, 24, younger sister of Cinematress Sophia Loren: their first child, a girl; in Rome. Name: Alessandra.

**Died.** Jack Carson, 52, Canadian-born comedian, master of the double take and the slow burn, long stereotyped as the blustering loudmouth who always loses the girl; of cancer; in Encino, Calif. Most memorable roles: the boorish Joe the Twirler in 1942's screen version of Thurber's *The Male Animal*, and Big Daddy's grasping son, Gooper, in Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

**Died.** Dick Powell, 58, one of the first big-time Hollywood stars to leave the silver screen for the gold mines of TV, a sometime choirboy from Mountain View, Ark., who broke into the early talkies as a baby-faced crooner, later re-typed himself as a good bad guy in a dozen movies, none as successful as his co-ownership (with David Niven and Charles Boyer) of Four Star Television, which had as many as 13 shows (among them: *The Rifleman*, *Richard Diamond*) going at one time; of cancer; in Hollywood.

**Died.** Robert Samuel Kerr, 66, Oklahoma Senator famed for his wealth and his sharp tongue; of a heart attack; in Washington (*see THE NATION*).

**Died.** Rogers Hornsby, 66, baseball's greatest right-handed hitter, "The Rajah of Swat," whose .424 average in 1924 set a record never surpassed; of a heart attack; in Chicago. Crusty and blunt-spoken, Hornsby walloped his way up from the Texas sand lots to set a fistful of records with the St. Louis Cardinals (National League batting champion six times in a row, thrice with .400-plus); as player-manager in 1926, he brought St. Louis its first pennant and world championship, but had less success with other teams, going from club to club until in 1937, he left the majors growling that managers have to be "yes men" to hold their jobs.

**Died.** Sir Charles Galton Darwin, 75, British theoretical physicist, head of the standard-setting National Physical Laboratory from 1938 to 1949. Charles Darwin's grandson, cousin of Pioneer Eugenicist Sir Francis Galton, and an outspoken advocate of eugenics himself; of a heart attack; in Cambridge, England.

**Died.** Arthur Oncken Lovejoy, 89, professor of philosophy at Johns Hopkins University from 1910 to 1938, author of the 1936 classic on man's idea of his place in the universe, *The Great Chain of Being*; of a stroke; in Baltimore. Once asked if he believed in God, during a fitness exam for a Maryland state board of regents, Lovejoy spun out 35 definitions of God, then asked his examiner which meaning he had in mind; he was confirmed.



## Trouble Shooter!

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# **FOCAL POINT**

## **A LONG-RANGE COMMITMENT TO THE USE OF RADIO & TELEVISION TO SPUR PUBLIC ACTION ON VITAL ISSUES**

Focal Point is a year-long project that attempts to harness the power of broadcasting to the forces at work on community and statewide issues and problems. The function of Focal Point is to overcome citizen apathy and to encourage action.

### **Focal Point in Baltimore**

In Baltimore, on WJZ-TV, Focal Point is tackling the varied and complex problems of metropolitan expansion as they apply to education, transportation, urban renewal, police administration, roads and highways, and other areas. The project was started with a leadership conference, which included among its participants Senator Harrison A. Williams, Jr., Federal Housing Administrator, Dr. Robert Weaver, FCC Commissioner, Frederick W.

Ford and former Mayor J. Harold Grady of Baltimore.

### **Focal Point in Boston**

Most recently, in Boston, Focal Point is taking a penetrating look at the state, its government and its problems. The project began with three 90-minute forums given prime time on three successive week nights over WBZ-TV and Radio. Participants included Attorney General Robert Kennedy, Governor LeRoy Collins, Archibald MacLeish, Moderator Erwin D. Canham and Paul C. Reardon, Associate Justice Supreme Judicial Court.

Discussion areas—as related to government—were “Morality” (can it be legislated?), “Modernization” (can statutory and constitutional law be changed to keep pace with the

times?), and "Manpower" (how can political parties be revitalized?).

Two audiences were involved: those present in New England Life Hall, where the programs took place; listeners and viewers at home (estimated at 500,000), including members of audience action groups.

#### **"New and Better Directions"**

These programs represent the kick-off to a year-long project, but already their effect is being felt. Focal Point has fired the imaginations of critics, columnists, and viewers. "The phrase 'focal point' is likely to be one that Massachusetts citizens will remember for a long while...it may mark the turning of a corner that leads to new and better directions," said the Pilot, official organ of the Archdiocese

of Boston. The Boston Herald called it "...the most interesting, but more important, informative, program of a local nature...this season."

Its success ultimately will be measured by the public's involvement. In Baltimore and Boston, additional programs on specific issues of state and local significance are being contemplated. Other WBC stations are already applying the Focal Point concept in their particular areas.

#### **The Power of Broadcasting**

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# U.S. BUSINESS

## TRANSPORTATION

### Rescue on the Rails

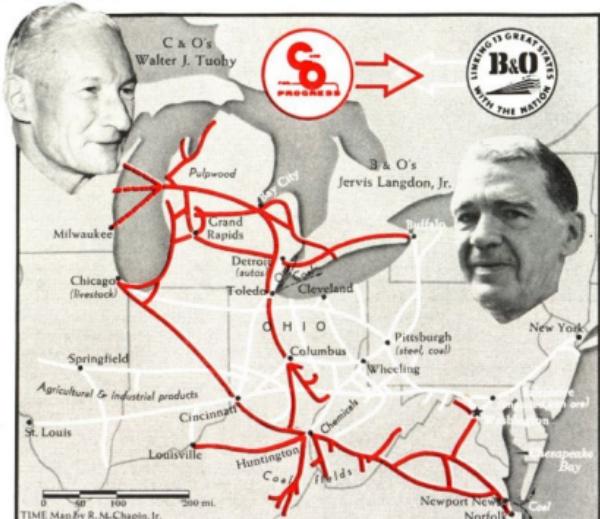
The Interstate Commerce Commission last week made a belated but decisive move to revitalize the faltering railroads of the Eastern U.S. By authorizing the profitable Chesapeake & Ohio to acquire control of the ailing Baltimore & Ohio, the commission opened the way toward an ultimate merger of these two big lines. This step, in time, could spur a consolidation of the nation's oversupply of competing independent railroads into a few strong regional groupings.

The ICC's 8-to-3 decision cheered most other Eastern railroad chiefs, who are pushing merger schemes of their own, all designed to cut costs by eliminating overlapping lines, yards, offices and work forces. "This is a great forward step," said Chairman James M. Symes of the Pennsylvania, which is driving toward merger with the New York Central. Stuart Saunders, president of the moneymaking Norfolk & Western, which is cooking up a merger with the Nickel Plate, said he was "very much encouraged."

**Spending to Save.** The clear design of C. & O. Chairman Cyrus Eaton, 79, and President Walter Tuohy, 61, is to merge their line with the B. & O., but not until they have restored the B. & O. to financial health. The B. & O. needs quite a bit of shaping up. Weighed down by \$418 million in debt and strapped for cash to carry out overdue modernization programs, the once mighty B. & O. has watched its revenues melt from \$465 million in 1956 to \$351 million in 1961, and seen its long string of profits turn into a 1961 loss of \$31 million. By contrast, the go-ahead C. & O. earned a solid \$35 million last year.

With \$232 million in loans from the C. & O. and its bankers, the B. & O. plans over the next five years to repair 9,000 old freight cars, buy 18,000 new ones, enlarge tunnels that are now too small to accommodate profitable piggyback traffic, improve its yards, and buy additional automated rail controls. Though the two roads plan to keep separate their rates, routes and sales forces, they will consolidate ticket offices and terminals in cities from Chicago to Washington. Best estimate of able B. & O. President Jervis Langdon, 57, is that all this will save the B. & O. \$44 million a year, eliminate 730 jobs.

**It's a Natural.** The Railway Labor Brotherhoods are expected to appeal against the consolidation, but the courts have seldom reversed the ICC in a merger case. About the only strong opposition to the move could come from the competitive New York Central, which not so long ago had designs on the B. & O. itself and complained that a C. & O.-B. & O. hookup would leave the Central "holding the bag out on a limb." (The Central started talking merger with the Pennsyl-



vania in earnest only after the C. & O. and B. & O. refused to consider a three-way tie with the Central.)

If it chooses to fight, the Central could probably frustrate a future C. & O.-B. & O. merger: though the C. & O. already owns or has pledges for 61% of the B. & O.'s stock, the Central holds a crucial block of slightly over 20%—just enough to keep the C. & O. from getting the 80% ownership necessary to enjoy the tax shelter of the B. & O.'s back losses. The Central has refused to sell this block unless the C. & O. pledges to sell it back in the event the ICC disapproves the Central-Pennsy merger—a condition the C. & O. refuses to agree to.

But consolidation of the C. & O. and B. & O. will probably bring such strong competitive pressure on the Central and all other Eastern lines that the Government will ultimately find itself obliged to approve the Pennsy-Central merger anyway, and the Norfolk & Western-Nickel Plate union as well. Those three giant systems would control 90% of the rail traffic in the East.

### The Boston Experiment

Maybe the trouble with the big Eastern commuter railroads is that they charge too much and provide inadequate service. At least it's a possibility that is worth exploring. Under the Housing Act of 1961, the Federal Government has put up \$7,600,000, and the State of Massachusetts \$2,600,000, for an extended experiment to determine whether or not the Boston commuter can be lured out of

his own auto and back to public transportation by making service better and cheaper.

This week the Boston & Maine Railroad will launch a new drive to coddle commuters: the line will double its number of commuter trains, cut fares as much as 50%, and keep its cars (which are fairly clean as commuter trains go) spotless. For its efforts, the B. & M. will receive a \$2,200,000 grant during the next year, and expects even so to lose \$1,500,000 on passenger service in 1963.

Two other commuter roads in the Boston area—the New Haven and the New York Central—may join the experiment later. Part of the grant money will also be used to reduce parking fees at outlying bus and subway stations to encourage commuters to use public transportation for the last stage of their daily journey into the car-clogged heart of Boston. From these points, Boston-area bus fares will be reduced, and bus schedules will be coordinated with train schedules to cut down waiting time.

No one is ready to predict how the Boston commuter will respond to all this. But if he takes to it, the Administration will probably step up its efforts to apply the same remedy in other U.S. cities. Failure of the experiment would provide railroads with a justification for cutting commuter service still more. Already Boston & Maine President Daniel Benson has warned that if Boston commuters continue to cling stubbornly to their cars, "the basic needs of financial survival will leave the B. & M. no choice but to divest itself of passenger operations."



PETER MARCUS

GENERAL MILLS' RAWLINGS  
Like an earthquake.

## CORPORATIONS General at General Mills

According to a story plot dear to makers of Army musicals, whenever a war ends the captains turn up, cap in hand, to beg the privates for civilian jobs. Four years ago at General Mills, Inc., this story was played out the other way round. When he retired after 30 years in the Air Force, four-star General Edwin William Rawlings was approached by a former World War II subordinate, Charles H. Bell, then president of General Mills and son of the founder. At Bell's urging, Rawlings signed on as a vice president of the 34-year-old Minneapolis flour firm. And a year ago when Bell stepped up to the chairmanship, General Rawlings moved in as president and chief executive officer.

Bell's enthusiasm for his old C.O. was well placed. During the eight years that Big Ed Rawlings ran the Air Force's Matériel Command, he took its procurement methods from the prop age into the space age. Under Rawlings, a Harvard Business School graduate, the old military system of stockpiling millions of items regardless of cost was turned into a worldwide computerized network of controls that lets little go to waste. This was just the kind of Wheaties that General Mills needed.

**One-Man Earthquake.** At the time Rawlings took over the company, General Mills faced mounting troubles; in the year ending May 1962 the company's sales dropped 5% to \$546 million, and profits plummeted a sickening 20% to \$10,154,000. Last week, when the results of the first six months of General Mills' current fiscal year were announced, it was apparent that Big Ed's methods were working. Although sales were down another 6.5%, profits rose an impressive 40% to \$7,086,000—barely \$2,000,000 less than General Mills earned in all of the preceding year.

To achieve this quick turnaround, Rawlings, 58, put General Mills through

a harsh purge. In what some call "Rawlings' earthquake," he named six new division managers, seven new plant managers and four vice presidents. And he liquidated General Mills' biggest liability—it's animal-feed division, which had lost \$5,500,000 on sales of \$50 million because it was hopelessly behind the competition in decentralizing to get near its customers. This abolished 1,300 jobs at a crack, but, says Rawlings with a battle commander's reasoning, "I felt we had to sacrifice the 1,300 to save the 13,000 other employees."

**Country Corn.** When Rawlings took over, General Mills with its Wheaties and Cheerios ranked a distant third behind Kellogg and Post in ready-to-eat cereals. Rawlings moved the company into "adult" cereals by introducing Country Corn Flakes (flavored with rice), Wheaties Bran with Raisin Flakes, and Total, a high-vitamin cereal. As a result, General Mills has now edged ahead of Post. Rawlings is also driving harder into convenience foods, where General Mills already has a strong bid with Betty Crocker mixes.

Nearly 80% of General Mills' sales come from flour, consumer foods, and such specialty products as high-protein soybean meal. The rest of its sales come from a strange hodgepodge of activities: chemicals and electronic components divisions which are the remains of a long-abandoned diversification effort that once even had the company producing two-man submarines. Rawlings plans to continue these offshoots but stresses that "our greatest opportunities for profits and growth lie in the convenience food business."

**Fish at 5.** Rawlings' quick mind and near-photographic memory are hidden by a deceptively casual manner. During office hours, he is as likely as not to be found in a staff member's office, feet propped on the desk, puffing his ever present pipe, and talking about the 5-lb. bass he caught that morning near his Lake Minnetonka home between 5 a.m., when he arises, and 7:30, when he gets to work. Rawlings hates committees, delegates work to individual staff members and expects results. "He doesn't expect people to come to him with questions, but rather with answers—or at least recommendations," says one of his top men.

The man who is happiest and perhaps least surprised by Ed Rawlings' swift transition from military to civilian business is Chairman Bell. Says he: "I've known and respected Ed for such a long period of time that nothing he does surprises me. This is what I hoped and believed would show up."

## INSURANCE

### Animal Actuaries

At Chicago's recent International Livestock Exposition, none of the hopeful breeders vying for blue ribbons were half so fidgety as a pair of Illinois businessmen named Frank W. Harding and Clin-



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Like playing stud poker.

ton Tomson. "One good fire and we would have had it," says Harding. The reason: Harding, 51, and Tomson, 53, are partners in the American Livestock Insurance Co. of Geneva, Ill., biggest and fastest growing of the U.S. companies that specialize in insuring animals.

Just ten years old, American Livestock now operates in 35 of the 50 states, writes 5,000 policies a year. When Harding and Tomson decided to form the company, both were livestock breeders and Harding also acted as U.S. agent for Lloyd's of London's livestock insurance business. "This is a crap-shooting business," says Harding. "We're betting against the roll of the dice." So far, he and Tomson have called the dice pretty well. Since 1954, American Livestock's annual premium volume has nearly tripled, to \$1,800,000, and the company has made a profit in all but two years.

**Bent Necks.** American Livestock's biggest competitor is Hartford Live Stock Insurance Co. (\$1,250,000 in 1962 premiums), a subsidiary of Hartford Fire Insurance Co., which covers mostly saddle horses, cattle and dogs. New York's Animal Insurance Co. of America (\$700,000 in premiums) writes most of its policies on horses; it paid the biggest loss ever on a single animal—\$1,000,000, when the race horse Bally Ach died after a training accident two years ago.

American Livestock gets 60% of its business from insuring cattle (usually stud bulls) at premiums amounting to 6% of the animal's value) and 30% from insuring horses. The firm also insures dogs, cats, hogs, sheep, turkeys ("very hazardous because they're so vulnerable to changes in the weather," says Harding),



I DARE YOU  
TO MATCH  
YOUR TYPING  
ACCOUNTING  
MACHINE AGAINST MINE

If you don't have a Burroughs machine like hers, take the dare. It's worth it.

You see, we've matched the total performance of a Burroughs against that of other typing accounting machines many, many times. And in almost every instance, it's won. It's done the work faster, at less cost, and with a lot less wear and tear on the operator.

That's because a Burroughs is made so that each step of the operation dovetails with every other step. From the moment the form is inserted into the carriage on through the entire operation (which is directed automatically by the exclusive program control center), it's one smooth, effortless procedure.

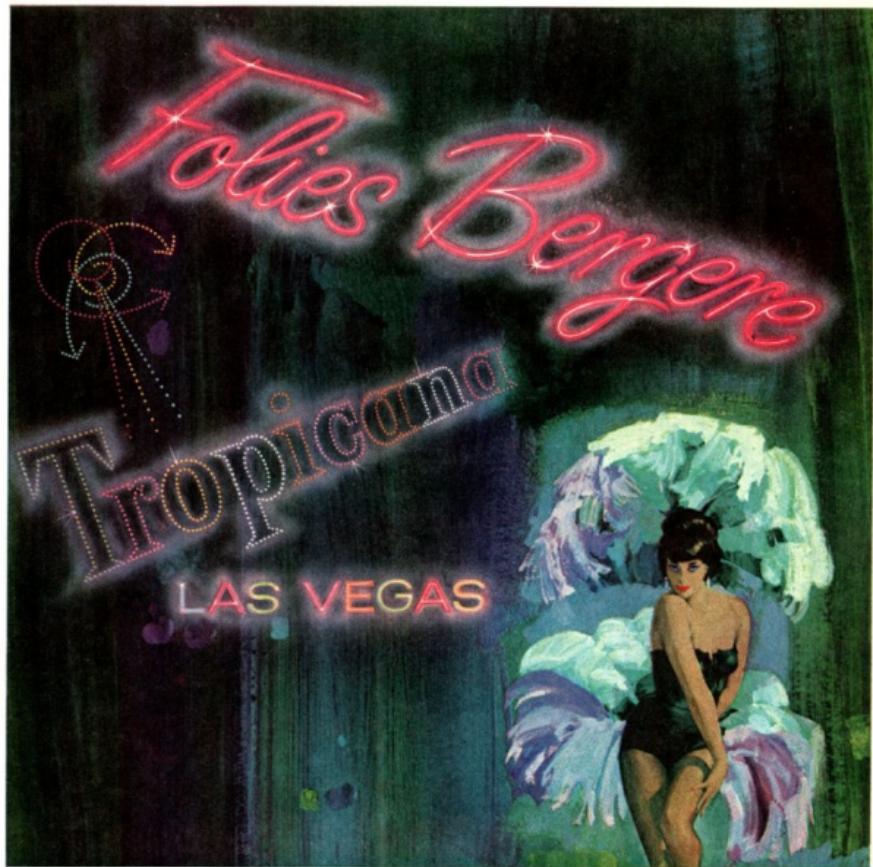
So we have every reason to believe that a Burroughs can do your work faster and save you some money too. Just call our nearby office or write to us at Detroit 32, Michigan. And don't worry about what to do with your old machine. We'll be happy to take it in trade.

**Burroughs Corporation**

Burroughs - TM

so many business problems end with





ESCAPE TO A WHOLE NEW WORLD OF PLEASURE! To the gay and glamorous resort-world of the Hotel Tropicana—bright and shining star of Las Vegas—America's luxurious answer to the excitement of Monte Carlo!

Discover the challenge of our magnificent golf course/enjoy to the hilt the superlative pool, continental cuisine, unexcelled health club/and relax in a world of luxurious creature comforts designed to delight and pamper you.

All that plus the daring, the dazzling DIRECT-FROM-PARIS FOLIES BERGERE—all brilliantly and completely 1963 NEW! See the most ravishing showgirls in the world—the most spectacular stars of Europe. See the show that's like no other show on earth—the pride of Paris, the talk of Las Vegas!

For a memory-making holiday, fly straight and true to the Tropicana—we're experts in proving that nothing is too good for you! Room rates: \$15 to \$25 a day.

**FREE!** Illustrated Brochure.  
Write Dept. F-T1, Hotel Tropicana  
Las Vegas, Nevada.

HOTEL  
**Tropicana** LAS VEGAS  
—that's where all the life is!

FOR ROOM RESERVATIONS, CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR OUR NEAREST OFFICE: CHICAGO: FI 6-7237 / DALLAS: RI 1-6814 / DENVER: 534-1811  
FORT WORTH: EN 3980 / HOUSTON: MO 5-5421 / LOS ANGELES: MA 6-7581 / NEW ORLEANS: WX 3980 / NEW YORK: CI 3-3238 / SAN FRANCISCO: YU 2-6905

mules, ponies, lions, tigers, monkeys, walruses ("We lost two of those damn things"), seals, elephants, gazelles and giraffes ("We have to make certain that their necks aren't bent during shipment"). They once insured a pink porpoise ("He survived nicely"), and they currently have a four-month policy on a pair of white rhinos at \$5,000 each.

**The Deadly Mosquito.** American Livestock's animal clients get into some strange accidents. Lightning is one of the most frequent killers; once a bolt running along a fence killed a whole line of cattle leaning against it. Another time, a swarm of husky Florida mosquitoes smothered a herd of cattle by clogging their noses and throats. Some animals have become so rattled at having their hoofs trimmed that they have broken their backs, and one prize Brahman bull being flown to a show in South America managed to work open the plane door and leap out.

Harding and Tomson hope some day to make Animal Livestock a worldwide business; but for all their readiness to assume risks, they draw the line at such freaks as two-headed pigs and six-legged dogs. "Deformed animals aren't good physical risks," says Frank Harding, "and besides, it isn't dignified."

## INDUSTRY Peace, It's Wonderful

One of the lengthiest and most acerbic feuds ever waged by two grown U.S. corporations ended last week. In a joint announcement, Radio Corp. of America and Philco declared that they had settled a six-year battle of claims, counterclaims and court suits over color television patents. Under a complicated out-of-court agreement, RCA will pay Philco \$9 million for permanent patent rights on all its color TV processes; in addition, Philco will have access without charge to all RCA color patents granted before October 1958.

The fight started as a mere skirmish between television giants maneuvering for position in the uncertain color-TV market. Philco charged that RCA, with some 12,700 patents, was freezing other manufacturers out of color, and in an antitrust suit asked \$1.50 million in treble damages. RCA in rebuttal accused Philco of patent infringements and false attacks on the reliability of RCA's three-gun color tube, demanded \$174 million in damages. As years went by, the fight descended into a hopeless tangle of side issues, including a Philco attempt to take over a Philadelphia television station operated by RCA's NBC subsidiary.

When the Ford Motor Co. acquired Philco 13 months ago, RCA speculated rightly that Ford had no enthusiasm for continuing the controversy, and made overtures that led to last week's settlement. Still far from clear is who comes out ahead. Philco, to be sure, gets the money. But RCA has such a commanding lead in color television sales that even by using RCA patents, Philco is likely to have a difficult time catching up.



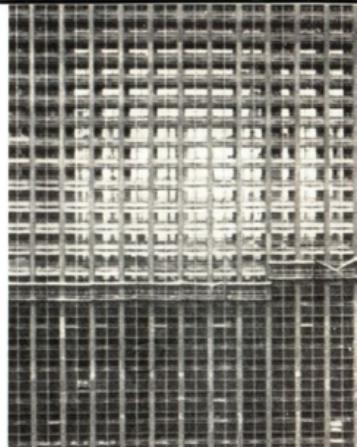
SONNABEND  
Wives are being left behind.

## SERVICES Too Many Rooms at the Inn

"The hotel industry today is at a point of crisis." This was the blunt message that Roger P. Sonnabend, thoughtful, 37-year-old executive vice president of Hotel Corp. of America, recently delivered to a convention hall full of his competitors. Scarcely anyone in his audience was prepared to disagree—or to deny that the U.S. hotel industry has been heedlessly drifting toward the crisis point for more than a decade.

"Right after the war and up until the mid '50s, there was always a tremendous demand for hotel space," explains Bert Sommers, general manager of Chicago's forty-year-old Sherman House. "Hotel managers got away with murder. They didn't put their dough back into their hotels; service and facilities went to hell." As the traveling public developed a preference for the convenience and modernity of motels, hotel occupancy rates shriveled from a nationwide average of 93% in 1946 to 62% last year. As operating costs rise for hotels, more and more are filling out their ledgers in red ink.

**Building Too Fast.** First to be hurt—because they were the first to be ringed in by motels—were hotels in smaller cities. But now gilded, multistoried motor hotels audaciously push into the heart of big cities. And established big-city hotels find themselves further threatened by the fancy new hotels being put up by chain hotel operators, such as the Hilton hotels now going up in San Francisco and Manhattan. "Overbuilding is our biggest problem," moans Manager Philip Weber of Los Angeles' sprawling old Ambassador. "We're building new facilities more rapidly than either travel or the population is increasing." Often builders of the new hotels agree that there are indeed too many rooms, but argue that it is the old and the inadequate that will suffer, not they. They count on air conditioning, room refrigerators, coffee-makers and other new amenities to draw crowds, and hope that cramped space, hasty building and oth-



DAVID SAHL  
NEW HILTON IN MANHATTAN

er economies won't be held against them.

The speed of jets permits businessmen to fly into a city in the morning and home again at night; this has cut the average stay in the nation's convention hotels from 4 days to 2½. And most hotelmen are convinced that Federal Tax Chief Mortimer Caplin's crackdown on expense accounts will cut the average hotel bill still more. "If the IRS rules remain as stringent as they are now, it'll murder us roomwise," worries Manager Ed Crowley of Los Angeles' Sheraton-West. "Guests who usually bring their wives or stay an extra day or two themselves just aren't doing it anymore."

**Price Wars.** Sonnabend is worried about the developing price war among hotelmen who have started offering special family rates, tourist class rooms, and discounts on rooms to big corporate users and conventions. Says Sonnabend: "We seem to have forgotten the expensive lesson of the Great Depression, when we discovered that the total market for hotel rooms is rather inflexible and that cutting prices really did not help."

Sonnabend's own solution to what plagues his industry is to concentrate on building motor hotels—Hotel Corp. now has 17 Charter-House motels v. 9 hotels—and luxury establishments catering to the big-spending jet set. He is also getting into overseas hotels, where there is still a room shortage. Other chains with money to spend, such as Sheraton and Hilton, are doing much the same thing. Older hotels are seeking to hold their own by modernizing their rooms and trying to improve service. San Francisco's Mark Hopkins now times each room service order, boasts that it can deliver a complete dinner in from 14 to 22 minutes. Sighs Chauncey Depew Steele, owner of the 33-year-old Hotel Continental in Cambridge, Mass.: "It's going to be a survival of the fittest. A lot of old hotels are going to end up as old ladies' and old men's homes."

# WORLD BUSINESS

## THE NETHERLANDS Crisis at KLM

Eighteen months ago, when he moved in as president of KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, diminutive (5 ft. 3 in.) Ernst Hans van der Beugel, 44, looked like a bright hope. A brilliant ex-civil servant who had held the top career post in the Dutch Foreign Office, he appeared to have both the drive and diplomacy to steer the world's fourth-largest international airline deftly



VAN DER BEUGEL  
Has had it.

through the financial perils of the jet age. Last week, with an abruptness that stunned the aviation industry, Van der Beugel (pronounced *vun dare Bur-gel*) resigned his job and checked into a hospital in The Hague, suffering from what was officially described as "exhaustion."

The fundamental causes of Van der Beugel's departure had as much to do with KLM's health as with his own. Caught in the familiar jet-age squeeze between expensive planes and too few passengers, KLM lost \$21 million in 1961 and another \$14 million in 1962's first nine months. Such financial turbulence made everyone fasten seat belts in KLM's executive suites. One group of entrenched, old-line KLM executives argued that despite the economic headwinds, the line should continue to expand and even resume its service to Indonesia. A more moderate faction, with which Van der Beugel apparently sympathized, favored cutting back. As KLM's situation worsened, Van der Beugel warned the Dutch government, which holds 71% of the line's stock, that KLM must either cut its operations in half or be guaranteed a substantial subsidy.

As more and more knotty problems piled up on his desk, Van der Beugel in desperation called for advice from Mc-

Kinsey & Co., a Manhattan-based management consulting firm. The McKinsey report touched off a new storm. It blistered KLM's management for lack of planning and decried the top-heavy executive structure which included four executive vice-presidents and 22 vice-presidents. The report recommended a drastic streamlining of the upper executive echelons and the firing of 2,000 of KLM's 16,000-man work force.

The harried Van der Beugel, who had already cut his payroll by 2,000 men, was not up to any more slashing and one cold morning early last week he submitted his resignation to KLM's prestigious board of directors. As a stopgap measure, flinty KLM Board Chairman Franciscus den Hollander, former boss of the Dutch railroads, took over. In the first 24 hours of Den Hollander's regime, three longtime executive vice-presidents resigned. The KLM board is expected to go outside the company to find a new president, but with the example of able Ernst van der Beugel fresh in everyone's mind, the search might prove hard.

## BRITAIN Mug Under the Waterfall

*Seedy family house, two rooms in basement. Décor peeling, faded, floral and flyblown. If you are too late to secure this gem, we have a spare along the road, rather more derelict. A lightly built member of our staff negotiated the basement stair but our Mr. Halstead went crashing through.*

So ran an ad in London's Sunday Times (and the Observer), and in no time at all the house was sold, lock, stock and faded, flyblown décor. By couching his property description in readily deprecating prose, a chipper British real estate agent named Roy Brooks at 46 has become London's most effective real estate salesman.

**Bomb Lease.** In his weekly ads, Brooks underplays the special virtues of his houses ("Has almost luxury bathroom with removable ladder to secret sunbathing roof garden") and jeers at their shortcomings ("Library all of eight feet square suitable for erudite dwarf"). He also whets sales appeal by describing his clients as "hedonist of 10," "redheaded sculptress," "girl physiotherapist," "former Harvard lecturer turned tycoon in ladies' underwear." Frequently, Brooks offers an acid explanation of the owner's reasons for selling: "One of the big pots in chamber music, leader of a famous quartet, taking up suburban residence with former girl violin pupil, sacrifices exciting newly built mews residence."

Clients rarely complain about the ads, says Brooks: "Most of them are in the Establishment. People who have arrived don't care what you say." Nor does anyone seem to mind the frequency with which Brooks, a public school boy who

turned socialist in the Depression, uses his ads to plug for left-wing causes. Seeking a house for Pacifist Philosopher Bertrand Russell, Brooks recently pontificated: "Another old client, Earl Russell, seeks house anywhere London; scruffy area around St. Pancras would do. Short lease, about five years. Presumably within that time sanity—or the bomb—will have prevailed."

**The "In" Thing.** Brooks, who joined his father's real estate firm at 18, wrote his first soft-sell ads in 1950. Almost immediately the company's business tripled, and today E. H. Brooks & Son turns away clients. "There have been so many lies about housing that if you simply tell the truth you get a disproportionate response," says Brooks. He takes \$60,000 a year out of the firm in commissions, professes not to know how much the company earns because "accountants take everything off my shoulders."

The fact that his ads are now "in" reading in London leaves Brooks unimpressed. "In some circles," he glibly, "it is the 'in' thing to die of a coronary thrombosis at 40." This is a fate Brooks himself is doing his best to avoid. Though competitors grudgingly credit him with singlehanded renovation of the crumbling London neighborhoods of Pimlico and Chelsea by luring back well-to-do buyers, Brooks puts in only a couple of days a week in his London offices, spends the rest of his time enjoying life with his family in an eight-bedroom country house that Britain's



REAL ESTATE MAN BROOKS  
Has library for erudite dwarf.

**IMMEDIATELY AVAILABLE  
TACTICAL WEAPON SYSTEM**

Only Mach 2 fighter-bomber w/  
**heavy mil exp**, capable ground  
strikes **cell zero** nite/day. Fully  
integrated navig, fire- and flight-  
control syst. Pres empl deterrent  
specialist USAF 24 hrs 7 da/wk.  
Versitl, prov abil counterpunch  
w/ nucl or conv weapons, support  
ground forces, tk chg any mission,  
any weather, any time, anyplace.  
Avail NOW. F-105D Thunderchief,  
Republic Aviation Corp., Farming-  
dale, L.I., N.Y.

Guardian once described as "Panama City modern." There is, he insists, no need for him to work any harder. "Successful selling," shrugs Ideologist Brooks, "is like holding a tin mug under a waterfall."

## Unexpected Triumph

For European automakers the statistics were downright chilling. Though 1962 was a year of booming auto sales in the U.S., imported cars failed to share in the fun. Their U.S. sales fell from 379,000 in 1961 to an estimated 350,000 last year. Their share of the U.S. auto market was a bare 5%, less than half what it was in 1959.

Only a handful of foreign automakers succeeded in bucking this trend. Volkswagen, the No. 1 import, increased its sales from 203,000 to 225,000. More surprising was the performance of Britain's Standard-Triumph, which increased its sales 50%, from 12,000 to 18,000 cars, and leapfrogged from sixth to third place among imported makes.

Standard's unexpected triumph stems from an infusion of new management and new ideas. Two years ago, faced with enormous retooling costs and an ominous sales slump, the Coventry automaker succumbed to a takeover bid by Leyland Motors Ltd., Britain's biggest truck and bus maker. Leyland's laconic Chairman Sir Henry Spurrier, 64, follows a simple creed. "We don't run risks," he snaps. "We run Leyland." Sir Henry introduced the new regime at Standard by easing out former Standard Boss Alick Dick, 46, the imaginative onetime boy wonder of the British auto industry; in as Dick's replacement went Lancashire-born Stanley Markland, 39, an old Leyland hand who started out as an apprentice.

Recognizing where Standard-Triumph strength lay, Markland pushed sports cars and convertibles for the U.S. Helped by a recovering auto market in Britain and abroad, Markland's decision paid off handsomely. Spurred by a brisk demand for its sports cars, Standard-Triumph's worldwide sales last year rose 24%.

For 1963, Standard's goal in the U.S. is to overtake second-place Renault, whose U.S. sales last year slipped from 44,000 to about 34,000. This week the car that Standard-Triumph is betting on to do the trick will make its U.S. debut at the Miami auto show. It is the Spitfire, a racy two-seater sports car which is a little brother of the TR-4, last year's bestselling



STANDARD-TRIUMPH'S SPITFIRE  
Leapfrogging forward.



CHAIRMAN HO



NEW HANG SENG BANK LOBBY

INGER ABRAHAMSEN

Betting on at least ten more years.

imported sports car in the U.S. Priced at \$2,199 in the Eastern U.S., the Spitfire has roll-up windows, road-clinging independent four-wheel suspension, and speeds up to 92 m.p.h. on a 63-h.p. engine. If anything can accelerate Standard-Triumph's progress, the Spitfire ought to be it.

## ASIA

### Very Calculated Risks

In hilly Hong Kong, prestige is often a function of height: the socially elect live on "the Peak," and down below, in the central business district, a company's importance is apt to be judged by how tall its headquarters building is. Latest entrant in Hong Kong's corporate prestige race is the Hang Seng (Eternal Growth) Bank, which last week opened a 22-story building that is even taller than the Peking-controlled Bank of China—which was deliberately built a few feet higher than the British-run Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank. Resplendent with Venetian mosaics and bulletproof glass counters, the new Hang Seng building is an aluminum-and-glass monument to the ability of Chinese businessmen to ride out shifting political tides. In 30 tumultuous years, Hang Seng has grown from a modest gold changer with capital of \$21,000 to Hong Kong's biggest Chinese-owned bank, with assets of \$63 million.\*

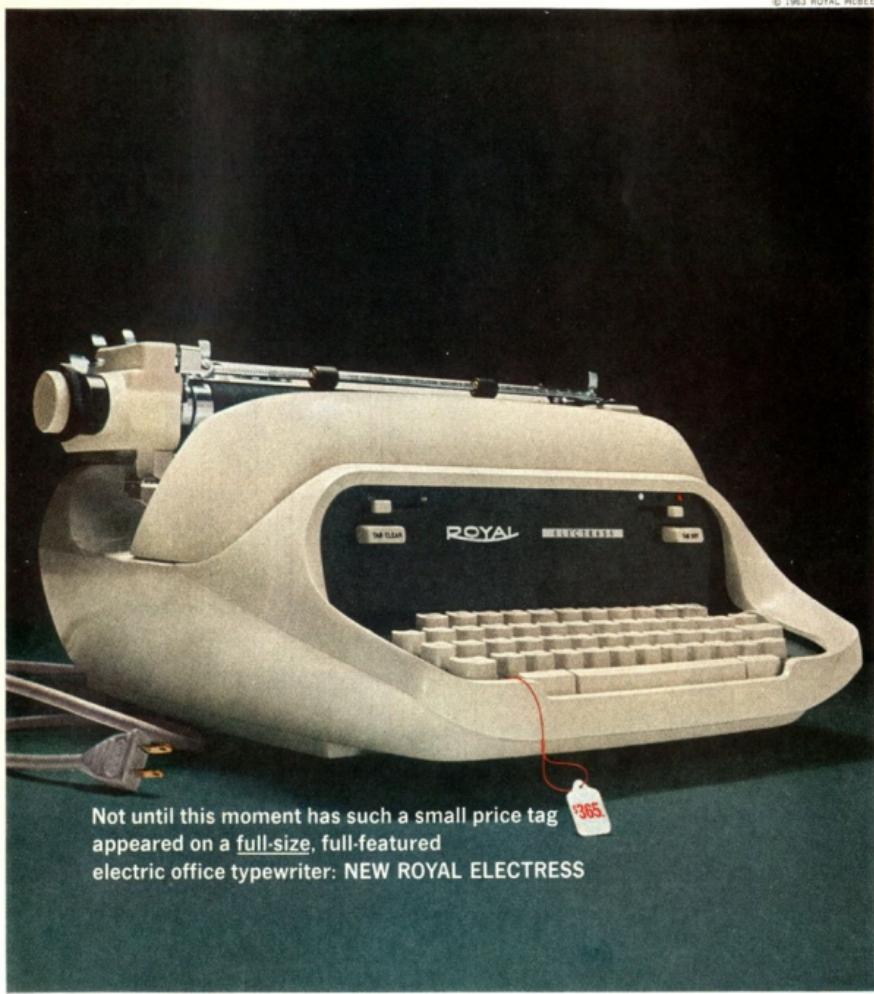
**All That Glitters.** Now a major factor in the financing of Hong Kong's foreign trade, Hang Seng each year handles exchange transactions involving \$200 million in U.S. currency. At the same time, many of its clients are Southeast Asian businessmen who are free to do business with Red China. (Since Hang Seng deals with the U.S., it cannot itself, under U.S. Treasury regulations, have dollar dealings with Peking.) Through a maze of companies as intricate as an ancient Chinese ivory carving, Hang Seng's chiefs move quickly in and out of speculations in everything from autos and duck feathers to rice and real estate. Smiles one Hang Seng executive: "Our ventures are calculated, very calculated risks."

\* Which still leaves it substantially smaller than the Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank and the British-run Chartered Bank of London.

Hang Seng inherited this credo from its founder, the late B. Y. ("Big") Lin, who used a shrewd sense of timing and a quiet cadre of agents to "influence" the gyrating gold markets in Canton and Shanghai during the 1930s. Lin cashed in when refugees from the Japanese invasion of China flocked to Hong Kong to change their Chinese folding money for gold. When the Japanese occupied Hong Kong, Hang Seng deftly resettled in unoccupied Macao; it moved back to Hong Kong right after the war, then profited from another rush for gold as the Communists swept down into central China from their northern redoubt. But when the Reds finally took over the entire mainland, the gold market lost much of its luster and Hang Seng looked elsewhere.

**Mutual Aid.** The bank's new direction was set by current Chairman S. H. (or Sieng Heng) Ho, 62. Spotting the success Western banks were having by talking about "your friendly banker," Ho began to woo the small savers who had been overlooked by the older banks in Hong Kong. Like Tammany ward heelers in the 1870s, Hang Seng men greeted incoming refugees, helped to straighten out their visa and legal problems and to find them homes. Today, Hang Seng sometimes seems to be one big Chinese mutual aid society devoted to sending mourners to its clients' funerals and helping clients' children choose the proper Western university from a Hang Seng-published catalogue. But it also offers more solid inducements. Hang Seng stays open at least an hour later than other Hong Kong banks and pays its 110,000 depositors higher interest than its rivals offer.

Compared with British banks, Hang Seng also charges higher rates on its loans (1 1/4% per month to prime borrowers). But few complain about its charges because Hang Seng backs many struggling entrepreneurs—reportedly including Hong Kong's bookies—who find it difficult to get credit elsewhere. Hang Seng figures that it will prosper so long as Hong Kong does. Fingerling an abacus behind his 8-ft.-long teak desk, Chairman Ho says: "Hong Kong's future is good for at least ten years, possibly 20." After that, Hang Seng will doubtless be the first to find another green pasture.



Not until this moment has such a small price tag  
appeared on a full-size, full-featured  
electric office typewriter: NEW ROYAL ELECTRESS

Yes, this is a full-size, fully equipped machine, not a lightweight. It can withstand all the rigors of heavy office duty.

How is it possible to introduce such a machine for \$95 under the price of any other true office electric? Basically, by simplification of the mechanism. Not by giving up any of the features.

An ingenious new cam, for example, did away with 645 parts in type-bar linkages. That means 645 fewer parts to pay for in the first place. And the fewer the moving parts, the sturdier the machine.

The motor is simplified and yet more powerful than motors half again its size.

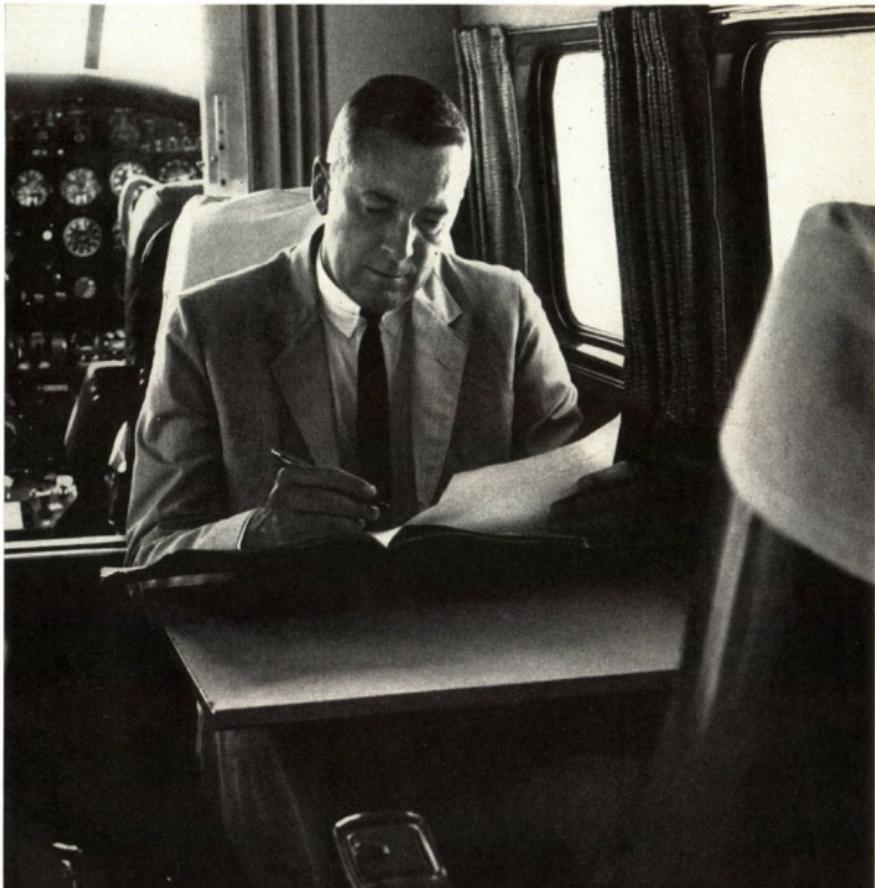
Throughout, simplification not only saves you money but

results in a strong, trustworthy machine. Quiet. Rugged.

But you do not merely save money. You get all the features you want—and a few found nowhere else. The new Magic Monitor™, for example, automatically adjusts to the thickness of the carbon pack. The result: print work as neat and uniform as a business card—with remarkably clear, crisp, carbon copies.

For full-featured ability with a small price tag, isn't the new Royal Electress™ the logical choice? A Royal representative will be proud to show you the Electress. He is in the Yellow Pages. Or write Royal McBee Corporation, Dept. 24AE, 850 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

**ROYAL®**  
MANUFACTURERS OF BUSINESS MACHINES



## EXECUTIVE SESSION

He's at the brink of discovery.

He wants to be sure that today's perception produces tomorrow's profit.

His marketing group has provided a clear profile of his product's best prospects. Higher income . . . better educated . . . wider interests . . . *magazine* readers.

He's already aware of the magazine medium . . . of its flexibility . . . its selectivity . . . the way it instills confidence, conveys authority.

He knows that magazine circulation and advertising revenue are at all time highs.

Best prospects . . . top medium . . . ideal *timing*. These are elements of successful strategy . . . facts shaping his decision.

If you haven't examined magazines recently, shouldn't you?

You won't be first to discover that they are the growth advertising medium of the 60's.

Can you afford to be last?

**MAGAZINES MAKE THINGS HAPPEN!**

## CINEMA

### Memento Mori

**Eclipse.** A mess of burnt-out butts. A young man (Francisco Rabal) and a young woman (Monica Vitti) sit looking at them, at what is left of their relationship. "I tried to make you happy," he says hopelessly, and hopelessly she replies: "You did not succeed." Why not? What was missing in their lives? What do people need in order to be happy? In this gloomy little masterpiece, Michelangelo Antonioni does not try to answer such questions. He simply shows how one young woman tried to answer them—and

riage down a street. An old man watches it with haunted eyes. Headlines threaten atomic destruction. Water leaks from a barrel, runs into a sewer and is seen no more. In a park a fountain suddenly fails. The day fails. In the darkness a single street lamp burns, far away and cold. Then suddenly the lamp burns in the center of the screen, immense and pulsing, urgent, the light of life, the only life a human being has and will ever have. It goes off. The End.

The sequence is masterful. With a few stark strokes Antonioni puts a diffuse and apparently senseless picture in a frame, in



MONICA VITTI IN "ECLIPSE"  
A Eurydice who doesn't know she's in hell.

failed. He tells the story of a luteless Orpheus and a promiscuous Eurydice who don't even know they're in hell.

When the young woman leaves her lover she wanders uneasily through the instant suburbs of Rome, through the temporary town that is rapidly burying the Eternal City, through the symbols of a dead past and a lifeless present. In despair she retreats into fantasies of flight from a world where money talks so loud that the heart cannot be heard. She greaspaints her body and makes like a Mau Mau; she goes for a plane ride and imagines she's a bird. But the pain washes off and the wings of fancy moults. The world is still there. She decides to make terms with it. But in gaining the world, will she lose her own soul?

One day at the stock exchange, in the temple of commercial civilization, she meets a handsome young broker (Alain Delon) with a mind like a ledger and a ticker for a heart, a man to whom all values are convertible in gold. He changes women the way he changes ties, and one day she happens to match his socks. "When I'm with you," she muses after the fact, "I feel as if I'm in a foreign country. But perhaps there's no need to know each other in order to love. Perhaps there's no need to love . . ."

No need to love? The camera wonders as it wanders through the city. Change and decay, Antonioni seems to say, in all around I see. A nurse wheels a baby car-

a black border of mortality that instantly reveals its perspective and its significance as a spiritual admonition, a *memento mori*. What's more, the frame reveals the picture as an extraordinary effort of style, as a definitive treatment of the themes Antonioni developed in *L'Avventura* and *La Notte*. As in those films, he employs the method of tedium to explain the nature of tedium, but he employs it so skillfully now that boredom is seldom boring. Vitti, as always, is endlessly fascinating, a luminous mannequin clothed with Antonioni's projections. And Delon is appropriately repulsive as a young man in a hurry. In the scenes at the stock exchange, Antonioni finds his brokers, as Auden found them, "roaring like beasts on the floor of the Bourse," and he simply throws his camera to the wolves. In one scene they yap and snap and snarl and slaver into the spectator's face for five, ten, fifteen minutes of financial frenzy.

Antonioni's style is beyond argument; his substance is not. No doubt he has reasons for his pessimism: millions of people now alive have lost their souls and will never find them; Eros in this era is all too often not a god but a disease; "the world today is ruled by money, and this leads to a dangerous passivity toward problems of the spirit." But sometimes Antonioni's pessimism seems almost as sick as the sickness he deplores, and certainly it is naive. The love of money is not, St. Paul to the contrary, the root of evil; and evil

is not the dominant quality of modern life. Evil there is, but even in evil there is hope. As Mephistopheles admits in Goethe's *Faust*: "I am the spirit that ever denies. That ever Evil wills and ever Good accomplishes."

### Thud & Blunder

**Taras Bulba.** There are 10,000 magnificent Argentine horses in this picture, and the thing to do is look at them. If possible, don't look at anything else. Above all, don't look at:

1) The screen credits—they insist that all this thud-and-blunder, which cost

\$7,000,000 to make and takes two hours to sit through, is a serious cinemadaption of Nikolai Gogol's classic tale of the Zaporoje Cossacks.

2) The actors—Yul Brynner, who plays a great big brute of a Cossack chieftain, rides like a man Scotch-taped to his saddle; Tony Curtis, who plays his son, has an accent that will pass as Russian when the Gowanus flows into the Don.

3) The Eastmancolor—as mixed in this movie, it mixes the gaudy Cossack costumes and the rich green pampas of Argentina, where the film was shot, into the sort of colorful mess customarily seen in a nursery-school watercolor set.

4) The gore—great globs of it spurting from lopped limbs, huge piles of rotting plague victims.

5) The direction—J. Lee Thompson (*The Guns of Navarone*) did it, but with a cast of 10,000 men to manage he did little more than direct traffic.

It is also advisable to wear earplugs, especially while Showstakovich and Miesovsky and sometimes even Minsky-Korsetoff are boozing in the background. But sometimes the dialogue is so dumb it's funny, a thesaurus of ruptured Russian and unplanned puns. Funniest pun: the heroine (Christine Kaufmann), swelling voluptuously, looks up into the face of her lover and states passionately but improbably: "I'm a Pole."

For looking at Actress Kaufmann, better bring binoculars.

## BOOKS

### Layers of Loneliness

A GIRL IN WINTER [248 pp.]—Philip Larkin—St. Martin's (\$4.50).

When he graduated from Oxford in 1943, Poet Philip Larkin dreamed of becoming a famous novelist and living on the Riviera "like Somerset Maugham." But after two novels flopped in Britain, he decided he was better suited to poetry, confessing later: "It's like moving to a much smaller house after finding you can't afford to keep up the mansion of your dreams." Larkin has become one of England's finest poets, but he may have deserted his mansion too soon. The second novel, *A Girl in Winter*, has now been published in the U.S.; and while it is no sumptuous Versailles of literature, it is an elegant chateau that any writer could be proud to own.

Katherine, the novel's shy and lonely heroine, leaves her unnamed European country one summer to visit a family in England. She falls in love with the son, Robin, but is put off by his flawlessly British manners, his utter imperturbability, "this sandpapering of every word and gesture until it exactly fits its place in the conversation." Robin's true emotions cannot crack his polished exterior.

But if Robin has his defenses, so does Katherine. Afraid of being hurt, she thinks the worst of people—and herself—to avoid being let down. In solitude, she tries to perfect her selfishness so that her happiness, meager as it is, will depend on no one else. When Robin wants to show love, he instead shows indifference. When Katherine feels love, she becomes cruel.

Larkin has a poet's reverence for the small detail that shapes a scene or character. Thrust into a dentist's chair, a terrified girl imagines that the drill hovering above her has the "shape of a great hood-

ed bird." And his small scope is deceptive. His characters are afraid of life only because they are in need of love. Their perverseness, spitefulness and British reserve all mask an inner anguish, conceal layers of loneliness that Larkin peels off with precision.

### End As a Fairy Tale

ETERNAL FIRE (630 pp.)—Calder Willingham—Vanguard (\$6.95).

At one end of the astonishing spectrum of Southern novelists there is Faulkner. He loved the land's dark soil and, in a rueful way, its people. Toward the middle of the range is a large group of writers for whom the South is merely a neutral, abundant earth to be walked on and, where it is interesting, written about. At the spectrum's other extremity are a few novelists to whom the South itself is a vast, febrile malevolence. Among these, on the evidence of *Eternal Fire*, is Calder Willingham, 40, a Georgia expatriate who now lives in New Hampshire.

**Little Flowers.** The scent of youthful bitterness suffuses the sarcastic prose bouquet with which Willingham opens the novel: "In this peaceful land . . . the summer sun is a fiery furnace; it boils the blood, cooks the brain, and spreads a fever in the bones. But that same fearful orb, in collaboration with the sweet rain generated by its power, makes the little flowers grow."

In this long, mocking novel those little flowers are hero and heroine: Randolph Sudderland Shepherdson III, a rich, stupendously naive, goodhearted young man; and his fiancée, Laurie Mae Lyle, a beautiful, innocent, saintly young schoolteacher. They will be blissfully happy, living on love and Randy's \$50,000-a-year income from his inheritance.

But already evil is stirring—like a chick buzzard, in the author's fondly turned simile, already pecking its way through its shell. Chief evildoer is Randy's guardian, wicked Judge Ball. Under the terms of the will, Randy comes into full control of his money when he marries. The judge would find this awkward because he has stolen most of the money.

**Satyr & Dwarf.** Then to ensure that wedding bells will not toll, the judge imports a snake-eyed satyr named Harry Diadem. Harry is 25 and has scored, as he puts it, with 603 different women since puberty. He is confident that Laurie Mae will be 604.

The buzzard is now full-grown and he flaps up an enormous storm. Also whirling about in the tornado are a superhumanly powerful dwarf who lurks in treetops and confuses Laurie Mae with his dead mother; an ex-cop who loves Jesus, liquor and sleeping with daughter, but not in that order; and a skinny blackmailer with a fat tootsie named Sugar Dolly.

After several violent deaths, sundry

fornications and an inventively rigged court trial, Author Willingham brings the book to its crowning mockery, a happy ending. The little flowers, pushing up through the mulch of Willingham's Faulkner parodies, Truman Capote parodies and Carson McCullers parodies, nod prettily to each other.

Unfortunately, none of the characters and none of their predicaments ever approach anything real; the only reality in this witty, bitter novel is the author's dislike of the South. But Willingham is a skillful as well as a bitter man, and for a while he makes that reality seem enough.

### Sinners & Sin-Eaters

THE WALK HOME (205 pp.)—Gwyn Jones—Norton (\$3.95).

Wales in the 10th century was barren, poor, diseased and hagridden with superstition. It was, in short, picturesque but a tough place for Welshmen. Seen retrospect by Welsh Novelist Jones, it remains determinedly picturesque but a hazardous place for novelists.

The walk of Novelist Jones's title refers to the picaresque progress of the book's hero across the width of Wales in search of the father who had abandoned him and his impoverished mother years before. The highway, like the highways of Fielding or Smollett, yields a complete novelist's kit of cutpurses and murderers, madmen and saints. The hero is set upon by mastiffs, trampled to insensibility by a mob, and nearly deprived of his virginity by a jade. He meets a cold-eyed man accompanied by a pox-pitted villain named Scabbo; the two of them pursue him so murderous through the book that he is at one point forced to tear off Scabbo's right hand with a pair of tongs in pure self-defense. He winds up in the dock, as most picaresque heroes do sooner or later. Through all his progress he is reminded again and again—first by a wise man, later by various wandering



PHILIP LARKIN  
A sandpapered word.



CALDER WILLINGHAM  
A chick buzzard.

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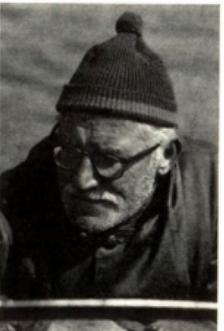
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Gwyn JONES  
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seers—that he is fulfilling the conditions of some mystic fate.

The book's weakness is its uncertainty of intent. Novelist Jones never seems to have made up his mind whether he was writing a fantasy or a piece of purely historical fiction. When the hero goes to the gallows, a reader can only wonder whether the eye of the Wise Man of Ty Cerrig sent him there—or circumstantial evidence and a bambooed jury. In fact, *The Walk Home* is best read as a sort of historical travlogue rather than a novel. It tells a reader all he needs to know—or will want to—of a semi-barbarous land and time when a Sin-Eater was still summoned to the side of the dead to draw out the last vestiges of evil.

### Showing the Flag

THE SAND PEBBLES [597 pp.]—Richard McKenna—Harper & Row [\$5.95].

"Hello Ship." Jake Holman whispers reverently to the U.S.S. *San Pablo* the first time he reports aboard. His new Navy messmates fondly call their ship the "Sand Pebble," and come equipped with the kind of melting-pot surnames—like Stawski and Shanahan—preferred in U.S. service epics. The ship is on duty in the exotic China of 1925, when warlords pillaged the land and the Western powers protected their trading rights with garrisons and gunboats.

All this gives promise of nothing more than a predictable tapestry of hairbreadth hurry and Navy derring-do, suitable for eventual framing in Hollywood. But like many another literary ship before her, the *San Pablo* offers a readymade image of a larger society. Both as a licensed literary microcosm and a U.S. naval vessel, she soon turns out to be far from regulation.

**Pip-Squeak Emblem.** Built by the Spanish and captured by Admiral Dewey, the ship looks more like a gingerbread house on a raft than a U.S. gunboat. She does not even have a full U.S. crew. Over the years, Chinese coolies in search of

"squeezes" have slowly taken over all the work aboard—first the dirtiest jobs which no American sailor wanted to do, finally everything from cooking and laundry to electrical wiring and engine-room repair. By the time Jake Holman arrives, only the guns are reserved for U.S. control.

Thus manned (and unmanned), the pip-squeak emblem of U.S. power "shows the flag" along the muddy rivers of Hunan province. Her engine is creaky, her biggest weapon is a tiny three-pounder, but her brass is always shined to a fare-thee-well because a dirty ship means losing face with the local warlords. The zealous captain preaches to the crew on the majesty of what they and the ship represent. Without being aware of it themselves, his men are inwardly nourished by faith in their symbolic superiority. Without any particular malice either, they take for granted that the Chinese will never be dangerous—or, for that matter, be capable of learning anything except by the process called "monkey-see, monkey-do."

**Engines & Coolies.** Chronicling the downfall of the Sand Pebbles, McKenna achieves a rare organic mixture of fast-moving story and far-ranging symbol. Holman proves to be a loner who hates the spit and polish of the Navy and the "game" of putting on a front for the Chinese. He tries to secede from the ship by taking refuge in caring for the one thing he knows and loves—engines. But when he begins to fix the Sand Pebble's decrepit coal-burning monstrosity—and worse, agonizingly tries to teach a Chinese coolie how steam drives the pistons—he puts the whole ship in an uproar. The Chinese are not supposed to grasp theory. Engine work is coolie labor. The intricate fabric of protective illusion cannot bear the slightest intrusion of reality.

Then Chiang Kai-shek sets off the nationalist revolution. Step by step the ship and her crew are isolated, humiliated by loss of their work coolies, shocked by the knowledge that they are helpless. They degenerate into snarling riva groups, capable of rioting over a few onions, capable of murder.

What McKenna knows of men and ships was learned slowly during the 22 years he spent as a Navy enlisted man, starting on a U.S. gunboat in China. Now retired and (at age 49) a recent graduate of the University of North Carolina (TIME, Nov. 16), he has written about them unpretentiously and with an understanding matched in U.S. fiction only by another ex-Navy enlisted man, Marcus Goodrich, whose 1941 novel *Delilah* offered extravagant tribute to a four-stack destroyer and her crew.

McKenna's men can be as monstrous as the most misanthropic caricatures. But they are capable of laughter and certain kinds of loyalties and a few delights. As they are, whatever they are, McKenna holds them in a kind of affection. Possibly that is why he permits the *San Pablo* a final hand-to-hand fight with a blockading fleet of Nationalist junks lashed together on the river. Given the



RICHARD MCKENNA  
The gunboat was loaded.

situation in China, it is a ridiculous and even a criminal gesture. But by restoring to the Sand Pebbles the illusion of purpose, it transforms them, once more, into a ship's crew.

### An Effusive Vampire

MY SISTER, MY SPOUSE [320 pp.]—H. F. Peters—Norton (\$5).

"I shall never be faithful to men," the great Russian beauty Lou Andreas-Salomé confided to her diary. It was a vow she kept. Her passions, she felt, were too grand for any one man, even a Nietzsche or a Rilke. When she was deprived of a lover one night, she compensated by eating one of his letters. One man once favored by Lou, recounting the affair 50 years later, was still dazzled. "There was something terrifying about her embrace," he recalled; "elemental, archaic. She was completely amoral and yet very pious, a vampire and a child."

Lou was one of those stormy, romantic women of the 19th century who always agonized over love: Should it be spiritual or should it be physical? At first it was strictly spiritual. On her "intellectual awakening" at 17, Lou left St. Petersburg in search of freedom to live and to write. In Rome she met a philosopher named Paul Ree and his friend Friedrich Nietzsche, who wrote on meeting Lou: "I am greedy for her kind of souls. In the near future I am going to rape one."

A Wife's Revenge. Nietzsche was soon tamed. Lou took him on soulful walks through the woods, discussing the great themes of life; but whenever Nietzsche proposed an earthen relationship, Lou balked. She soon left him for the more placid Ree; the embittered Nietzsche, so Peters says, wrote his prose-poem *Thus Spake Zarathustra* to express his resentment of all womankind. Ree, however, fared no better than Nietzsche. For five years he lived with Lou as "brother and sister" and was known among his friends as Lou's "maid of honor." Nothing better



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expressed the relationship of the two philosophers to Lou than a photograph they once had taken. Nietzsche and Ree were harnessed to a cart in which a grinning Lou is brandishing a whip.

One of Lou's many suitors, a German philologist named Friedrich Carl Andreas, was shrewd enough to realize that Lou could be won only by shock. When she refused him, he stabbed himself. Shaken, Lou married him. But she had her revenge. In the 43 years she lived with him as his wife, she never consummated the marriage.

Instead, she took a series of lovers, most famous of whom was Poet Rainer Maria Rilke. At the time, she was a full-blown 36, Rilke only 22, but the pair exchanged murky, passionate letters. Wrote Lou: "I was your wife for years because



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you were the first reality, body and man indistinguishably one, the incontestable fact of life." Rilke returned the compliment: "The transforming experience which then seized me at a hundred places at once emanated from the great reality of your being." But Lou inevitably tired of Rilke's explosive temperament. She finally noted in her diary: "Rainer must go."

**Freudian Phase.** After breaking with him, Lou took on several more lovers, had an abortion, finally went to Vienna to see what psychoanalysis could do for her. There she attended Freud's seminars and seduced one of Freud's disciples. But Lou's Vienna phase was her last sexual fling. She spent her post-Freudian years with her husband in sublimated happiness in Germany, where she died in 1937.

Biographer Peters has packed all these racy details into this colorful biography. Great thinkers like Nietzsche make hard work for biographers; the most important parts of their lives occur in the blank spaces when they were lost in thought. Chatty women like Lou are a biographer's joy; they record their brightest incidents, and posterity is spared the long silences in which no thought occurred at all.



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